

# The Listener

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Plesetskaya as the Bird-Maiden in 'Shurale' at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow (see 'The Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow', by Geoffrey Bennett, page 607)

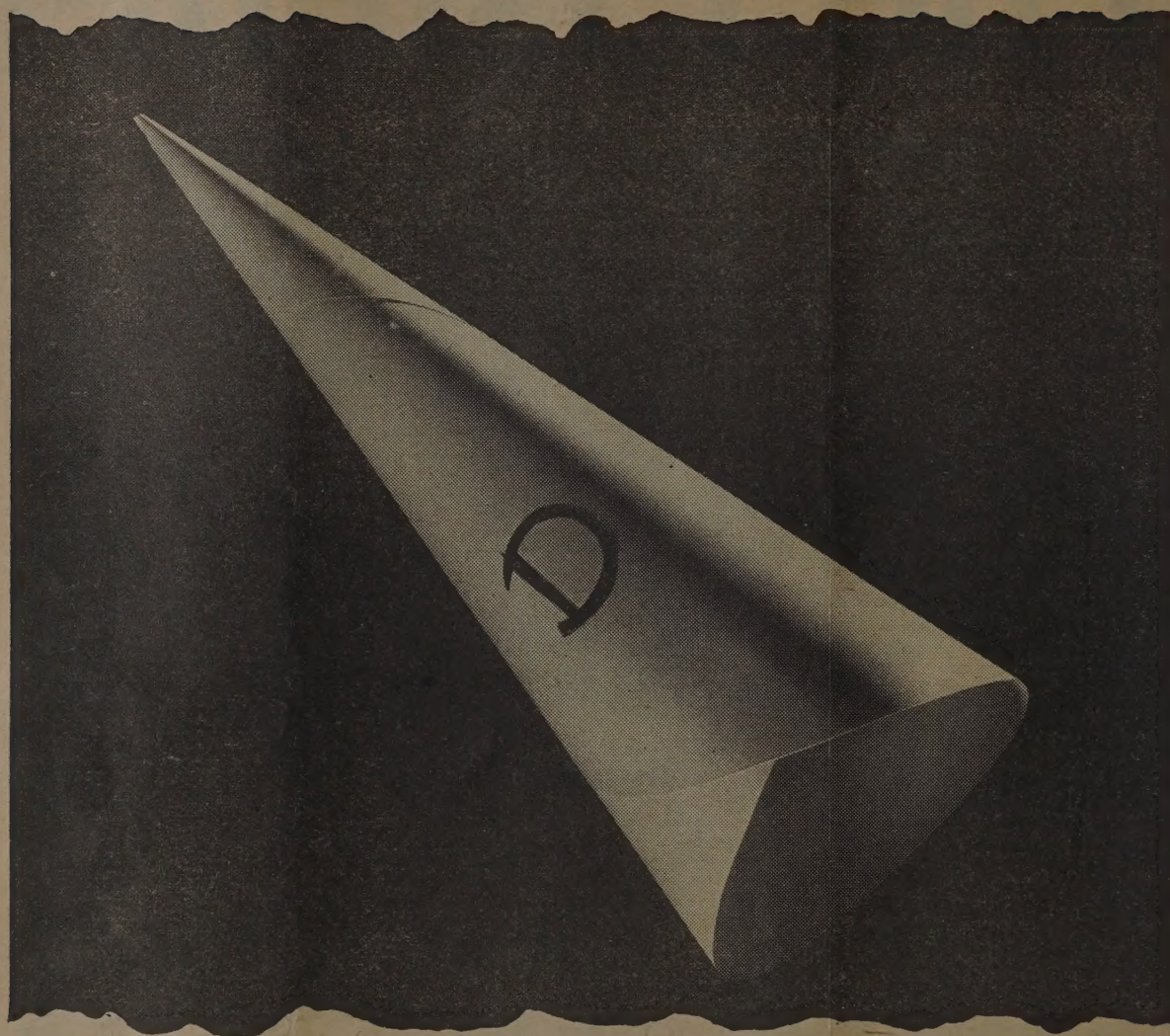
In this number:

The Soviet Union and the Neutralists (Bickham Sweet-Escott)

Thoughts on Refugees (Gilbert Murray, O.M.)

Government Privilege and the Rule of Law (C. J. Hamson)





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# The Listener

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## The Soviet Union and the Neutralists

By BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

IT seems to me that Marshal Tito must often create much the same sort of problem for the Soviet Union as Mr. Nehru creates for the British Commonwealth. After all, Yugoslavia is a Communist country and was a member of the Cominform, while India is a member of the Commonwealth. But just as India obtained her independence in 1947 though she remains a republic outside the Commonwealth, so Yugoslavia broke away from the Cominform in 1948 though she continues to be a Communist country.

Then again, both President Tito and Mr. Nehru have a high standing with the other uncommitted nations. Marshal Tito's visit to Egypt, India, and Burma last year is an example of this, and so is the present attempt of Mr. Nehru to mediate between Egypt and the West. And, in the same way as London has from time to time become worried about the independent line taken by Mr. Nehru, so Moscow has been evidently much concerned about Marshal Tito. That seems to be the reason behind the holiday that Mr. Khrushchev has recently taken on the Adriatic and the holiday President Tito has just returned from in the Crimea.

It is now nearly a year and a half since the state visit of Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev to Belgrade brought to an end the rift between President Tito and Moscow. This was followed by the so-called 'thaw' in the satellite countries of eastern Europe, in which direct control from Moscow was relaxed, and Mr. Khrushchev proclaimed that he accepted Tito's principle that there were 'different roads to socialism'. The thaw seems to have affected Rumania and Hungary, where lately we were treated to the remarkable spectacle of the posthumous vindication of Rajk

and other leaders discredited and killed some years ago, though the ice has evidently melted fastest in Poland, and the riots in Poznan last June were one of the results. But the period of thaw after Stalin's death was followed by the revolution in east Berlin a few months later, and that was followed in turn by an immediate tightening up of Soviet control. In the same way it seemed certain that the Poznan riots would be followed by some change of line in the looser Soviet policy towards the satellites. That is exactly what happened: a few weeks ago the Kremlin is reported to have sent out a circular to all these countries warning them not to follow President Tito's example in 'building their own separate roads to socialism'. Naturally President Tito was upset, and that is evidently one of the main reasons for all these holidays.

I do not pretend to be a crystal-gazer. Nor have I the expertise needed to make sense of the obscure and apparently unrelated facts which are all we are allowed to know of what goes on behind the Iron Curtain. But there are three points in all this which seem to me to be clear beyond all doubt. One is that the Russians cannot afford to relax their grip on the east European satellites beyond a certain point. For those countries form a vital protective belt between Russia and the West, and from the Soviet point of view it is essential that the Russians must be able to have a certain freedom of action there. The second point is that it would be a serious blow to Russian standing in the eyes of the world if one of these countries were to break away altogether and rejoin the West. The third is that the Russians cannot allow the satellites to follow an independent foreign policy like President Tito's, because Tito is the leading exponent in Europe of the policy of



neutralism. Since Yugoslavia broke loose from the Cominform she has accepted financial aid both from the West and from the Russians, and even now the Americans are debating whether they should give her a further sum of money. If the other eastern European satellites were to follow Tito's line in this and turn neutralist like him, they might become a real danger to Russia's security in Europe.

### Selling to the Highest Bidder?

The cynics say that all President Tito is doing is to try to sell himself to the highest bidder, whether Soviet or western, just as Colonel Nasser apparently tried to do over the High Aswan Dam scheme. There may be an element of truth in that view, but I think the reasons for neutralism go a great deal deeper. 'Neutralism' and 'neutralist' are words which have made their appearance only in the last few years, and there are good reasons why they should have replaced the more old-fashioned words 'neutral' and 'neutrality'. The days when you could really be neutral were the days of the small localised war, such as the Franco-Prussian war or the American civil war, in which many nations had no material interest whatsoever and were not therefore forced by their own position to choose between the two sides. In the two world wars we have been through in this century, almost every country in the world was in the end drawn into the fight, though there have of course been professional neutrals like Switzerland or Sweden. But in the kind of conflict we are going through now, when two great power-blocs are ranged one against the other, a new word like neutralist is needed to describe those who are not attracted by either group.

In Asia and the Middle East there are special reasons for neutralism. In India the teaching of Mahatma Gandhi and his doctrine that force and violence are wrong still have an immense influence. More important, perhaps, is that most of the countries in Asia and the Middle East which have recently achieved their independence are afraid that if they accept help from the West, the West will somehow or other re-establish its hold over them, and so they refuse it and call themselves neutralist. That is why, for instance, India and Ceylon refused to enter the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation last year. Having achieved their independence only within the last few years, these countries naturally take a pride in working out a policy of their own, instead of following the line which London or Paris or The Hague happens to find convenient, as in the old days. And of course the Bandung Conference of Afro-Asian nations last year convinced many of them that the West was still pursuing colonialist and imperialist aims, and the version they hear of what is happening in Cyprus or Algeria is hardly likely to shake them in their belief that colonialism is not only wicked but is still a force to be reckoned with. Moreover, the Summit Conference at Geneva last year evidently convinced Mr. Nehru that the idea of a third world war had been abandoned, and that peaceful coexistence between the two great power-blocs is really possible. It is not therefore surprising that people in Asia and the Middle East should persist in thinking that neutralism is the right policy for them to follow.

### 'Competitive Coexistence'

It is curious that during the past year both President Tito and Mr. Nehru have attacked the West in almost precisely similar terms, on the ground that some of us in the West refuse to believe that the Geneva Conference has put an end to the possibility of a third world war and because, they say, we have increased tension between ourselves and the Soviets by building up alliances like the Baghdad Pact. But whether you accept their version of the Geneva Conference or take the more pessimistic view of it, as I myself feel bound to do, one thing has become clear since the conference took place. It is that the Russians are engaged upon an equally deadly conflict with the West to gain the friendship and goodwill of the uncommitted neutralist peoples of Asia and Africa.

It is the process they themselves have called competitive coexistence, and it is carried out by a whole series of methods varying from the more obvious kinds of psychological warfare and propaganda down to economic penetration and outright political subversion.

But however bloodless the contest may be, I have called it deadly for the West because if it is successful it will mean that in the end this vast area of the world will join the Soviet camp as eastern Europe did, and it will then be shut off from the West. And as the West is economically dependent upon this huge area, the Soviets will then have the West at their mercy. In the conventional sense of the word it would perhaps be wrong to call this a war, and I can think of no conflict there has been in history which in any way resembles it, but it seems to me to have everything a war has except the actual fighting.

Perhaps I may make my meaning a little clearer. In the last two world wars the side which won did not tell the world what the fighting was really about until long after the fighting had begun. President Wilson's Fourteen Points were not announced till 1918, and in the last war it was not till 1941 that we heard about the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter. The Russians are telling the neutralists what they stand for *now*. And if they tell them convincingly enough it may be that in the end no fighting will be needed at all to win their kind of war.

### Advantage to Russia

The advantages which the Russians have in this kind of conflict are enormous. They can follow a steady consistent policy over a period of years, and if they choose to change their methods, as they seem to have done at Geneva last year, they do not have to consider the views of their allies. We in the West have open disagreement over means and ends, for instance in this Suez crisis, and disunity does not give an impression of strength to the neutralists. Then the peoples who have just won their independence are naturally disinclined to throw in their lot with their former masters in this country or in France or Holland, and if they have to choose they might therefore be strongly tempted to choose the other side. All of them know the West and its capacities and its limitations. They do not know the capacities and limitations of the Russians. It is true that neither the Afro-Asian peoples nor ourselves have yet any idea whether the Russians are capable of carrying out all their promises of economic aid to Asia, for instance: indeed, it may well be that they are not, but, if so, it may be years before they are shown up. The very fact that the potentialities of Russia are completely unknown to the neutralist peoples has its attraction for them.

If I am right in thinking that this is the kind of conflict the Russians are engaged upon, we in the West seem to be doing singularly little about it, and the reason is perhaps that it is a new idea we are not yet used to. As Walter Bagehot said years ago, nothing is more painful to human nature than the pain of a new idea. Once that painful process is over and the idea is firmly grasped, we shall have to pool our efforts and match the appeal which the Russians are making to the neutralists, if we are to survive. As for the neutralists themselves, I fear that they will in the end be compelled to choose between the two appeals, because I do not think the Russians will indefinitely tolerate those who, like Tito, may be trying to make the best of both worlds; and the West starts to take competitive coexistence as seriously as the Russians are taking it, the attractions of one of the two magnetic poles will prove irresistible.

In the sixth century before Christ the Athenian lawgiver Solon laid it down that those who refused to take sides in a political contest should be dishonoured and disfranchised. It has always seemed to me a curious law, but perhaps like many of the old Greek customs it draws its inspiration from something deep down in our nature. It may be that in the twentieth century, too, there will be no place for the neutralist.—*Home Service*



# Yugoslavia on the Tight-rope

By PAUL JOHNSON

**E**XACTLY what transpired at President Tito's talks with Mr. Khrushchev is still a closely guarded secret. In the whole of Yugoslavia, only about twenty top party and government officials have been allowed, so far, to study the verbatim record of the meeting. However, a number of senior party members and permanent officials have been told the main drift of the conversations. From what they told me, it is clear that rumours of a crisis in Yugoslav-Soviet relations are unfounded. Certainly, the Yugoslav Government was displeased, to say the least, by the tone of the circular letter which the Russian Communist Party sent to the Governments of the various satellite countries last month, which warned them to beware of adopting the independent Yugoslav version of Communism.

But Yugoslav leaders appreciate the fact that Mr. Khrushchev, in inaugurating a return to the Leninist concept of 'collective discussion', has set in motion a process which can easily get out of hand. They realise that it may be necessary for him to apply the brake from time to time. Indeed, they themselves seem perturbed by the speed at which the liberalisation process is proceeding in Poland. Two days ago I spent an hour talking to Mr. Pijade, the founder of the Yugoslav Communist Party and one of Tito's closest advisers. He insisted that Yugoslavia was anxious to encourage the satellites in winning more independence from Moscow, but he added—with what seem to me significant emphasis—that it was not always desirable to proceed too rapidly. 'Sudden changes', as he put it, 'can be dangerous'.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Yugoslav press has published only heavily censored accounts of the trials currently taking place in Poznan. Indeed, Yugoslav commentators have tended to follow the official Soviet line that the Poznan riots were organised by what they call 'fascist provocateurs'. Yugoslavia, it must be remembered, is still a Communist dictatorship, and though its officials often speak frankly in private, there is no public discussion or criticism of the regime. They regard the growth of a parliamentary opposition in Poland, and, even more so, the prospect that the forthcoming Polish elections will be genuine ones, with deep alarm—which, in their private conversations, they find difficult to conceal.

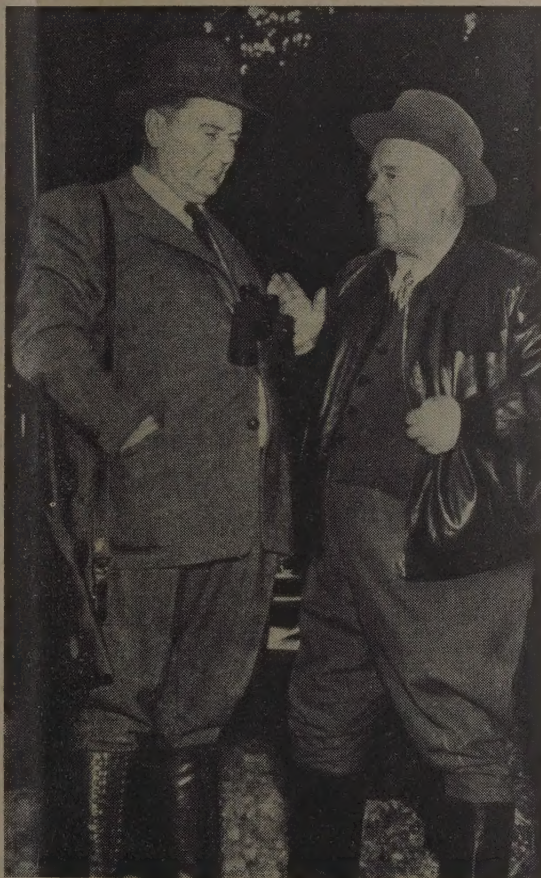
The Yugoslav leaders are also worried about the trend of events in Hungary which, because it borders on Yugoslavia's northern frontier, is of more immediate concern to them. They were glad to see the overthrow of Matas Rakosi, Tito's bitter enemy, who, until recently, was undisputed master in Budapest; and the rehabilitation of Rajk, culminating in his posthumous funeral, has been enthusiastically welcomed in the Yugoslav press. But they

realise, also, that the economic situation in Hungary has deteriorated so sharply in the last few months that there is now a real danger of a popular explosion against the regime, which might even have repercussions in Yugoslavia itself.

So, for the moment at least, they are anxious to give the Hungarian party leaders, and in particular Mr. Gero, the new First Secretary of the party, all the support they can muster. This, I think, was why Mr. Gero flew to Yalta to take part in the Tito-Khrushchev talks, and why he is to go to Belgrade for further conversations with Yugoslav leaders.

For all these reasons, therefore, it would be wishful thinking for us in the West to assume that there is a violent conflict of views between the Yugoslavs and the Soviet leaders. There is not the slightest danger that Tito will consent to become once more a member of the Soviet bloc, as he was before 1948. Deep differences, both of national interest and of political doctrine, still exist between Yugoslavia and Russia. It also remains true that Tito is determined to preserve his position as an independent authority on marxist theory. He is fond of boasting, these days, that since Molotov's eclipse he is now the only Communist leader still in power who took an active part in the 1917 revolution. And in this respect he regards Mr. Khrushchev as very much his junior in the party hierarchy.

But at the same time—and this, I think, is the crux of the matter—in the central problem which now confronts the Communist world, namely, how to liberalise the regime without either weakening the supremacy of the party or running the risk of violent uprisings, his interests and those of Mr. Khrushchev are nearly



President Tito and Mr. Khrushchev at a shooting party in Yalta during the President's recent visit to Russia

identical. For this reason I believe the Yalta talks were a success, and led to a considerable measure of agreement.

Nevertheless, the Yalta talks need not lead to a weakening of Yugoslavia's ties with the West. The Yugoslavs fully realise that the strength of their position springs from the role they play as intermediary between the two blocs. Their entire economic planning is based on the assumption that they will continue to receive aid from both America and Russia. If need be they will sacrifice both rather than become dependent on one. Indeed, my impression is that the Yugoslavs will maintain their independence at all costs.

But to do this, they must balance on a delicate tight-rope. And their task has become vastly more difficult because the Soviet end of the tight-rope has been swaying violently in recent months. If we wish Yugoslavia to maintain her balance—and I believe it is in our interests to do so—we must make every effort to ensure that our end of the rope remains firm.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



# The Real Significance of the Poznan Trials

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

**I**T is the Russian empire of steel and iron that has been on trial at Poznan, and, with it, the arrogance of Russian planners and the falsehoods of Russian overlords. It is now established that almost everything we have been told about the new Poland in the past ten years is untrue. 'We have not told the truth for years', said one of the counsel for the defence, 'and all our misery comes from it. We have been conditioned for years to say that what is good for the working class is a fact, even if it is not a fact at all'.

## Hunger and Poverty

Even that statement leaves the tale only half told. For it is now evident that all that has happened in Poland during the past ten years has not been good for the working class. Consider some of the evidence that emerged during the trials. A young man appeared in court with the cry that he could not even get himself a decent pair of shoes. And a woman whose husband had lost his foothold on the ladder of power was driven by sheer hunger into accepting the bread of charity from a Roman Catholic relief organisation. These two were working-class people, as their lawyers insisted, and it cannot be argued that their circumstances were in any way strikingly exceptional, for the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Poland has itself admitted that all the earlier statements about a rising standard of life in Poland were false; and that, on the contrary, a great many ordinary workers were worse off in 1955 than they had been in 1950.

The reason is an over-ambitious investment programme; or, in plain English, the concentration of far too great a part of the available manpower and raw materials upon the production of steel. Steel is what the Russians want: for steel is the foundation of Russian power. The price of steel in human suffering is evidently of no concern to them: to the Poles it has meant near starvation; an unbearable housing shortage; and a total lack of amenities—except perhaps in Warsaw—for the rising generation.

There is nothing accidental about all these shortages and hardships: they are all part of the great industrial plan that the Russians have imposed upon the Poles. And the Poles themselves are now being told that almost everything the Russians have said about the plan and its results has been untrue. In the service of the plan, the Poles have become strangers in their country, impoverished and hungry, rich only in tears. And in hope: for though the Russians have taken from them

the voice of gladness, they have not been able to rob them of hope.

For that is the obvious meaning of the Poznan trials. For the first time since the Russian occupation the Poles have been able to do things in their own way. It is the first time since the war that a case with political implications has been tried in a civil court. It is the first time that the defence has been allowed to speak its mind and has dared to do so. And it is the first time that a case with strong political overtones has been fairly reported.

It is clear that the Poles have been greatly encouraged by the violent attack on Stalin and Stalinism that Mr. Khrushchev made at the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. And no doubt they would not have dared to go so far as they did at Poznan if Mr. Khrushchev had not spoken. Yet it would be wrong to say that the Poles waited for Mr. Khrushchev to speak. It is safe to say that they agreed with everything that Mr. Khrushchev said about Stalin long before he said it. After all, the only anti-Stalinist to survive with the Iron Curtain area was Mr. Gomulka, in Poland. He supported Marshal Tito in the great quarrel with Stalin; or, rather, he insisted that even the Poles had certain rights against their Russian overlords. He was expelled from the party for his dangerous views. He was arrested in 1951. Other men who shared his views in eastern Europe—in Hungary, in Bulgaria, in Czechoslovakia—were hanged for treason.

## Charges against Mr. Gomulka Withdrawn

Mr. Gomulka remained safely under arrest. In the spring of this year the party leaders announced that all the charges against him were unfounded. They restored all his rights and privileges as a member of the party, and a few days ago his main accuser in Poland, M. Minc, the man associated with all the industrial planning since the end of the war, surrendered all his posts in the government and the party.

The way is now open for Mr. Gomulka's return on his own terms—the visible symbol of a Polish victory over Stalin. Yet even this is less important than the fact that Mr. Gomulka, although his country was under Russian control, did not in fact fall victim to Stalin's fury, as the leaders did elsewhere in eastern Europe. It suggests that in spite of all the sufferings there is still in Poland a hard core of hope and courage that stands as a formidable obstacle to Russian power.—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

# Can President Eisenhower Be Defeated?

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent

**W**ITH less than a month to go to polling day, most of the expert analysts of the American political scene are busy taking stock, measuring the betting odds on the presidential candidates, seeing how far those odds have changed since the August Conventions, and how far they are likely still to change before November. Even among those who take allegedly scientific soundings of public opinion, there are wide differences of view; but some generally accepted conclusions as well. The odds are still in favour of President Eisenhower, sometimes quoted at five to two and sometimes at eight to five, but they are shortening. Every investigator reports that a considerable number of people who voted for Mr. Eisenhower in 1952 are now saying they will switch to the other side. Nobody is ready to say yet if this switch is big enough to affect the outcome. They say instead that if Mr. Eisenhower wins again it will be by a much smaller margin.

More voters than is usual at this stage are reported to remain undecided, this undecided vote lying mainly among those who supported

Mr. Eisenhower last time. Such people may be waiting till the minute to see if the President continues in his present apparently good state of health, and the slightest indisposition might turn them against him. But it is also obvious that this undecided vote could be affected by other things, such as a serious rise in the cost of living or a dangerous worsening of the international situation. Most observers agree that while the Republicans depend on the President's personal popularity while they pin their party's hopes, as it is said, to his coat tails, the reverse is true of Mr. Stevenson. People promise him their vote because he is the Democratic Party's candidate. They do not vote Democratic because he is Mr. Stevenson. And in view of this disparity in the positions between the two candidates, all the experts freely admit the possibility of an unusual outcome to a presidential election; that the re-election of Mr. Eisenhower as Republican President, but with a strongly Democratic Congress.

There is much comment on the strange air of unreality which



hung over the campaign so far and which, if voters' registrations up to date are any guide, may reduce the size of the poll. This unreality is sometimes ascribed to the lack of any really vital issues. The peace and prosperity for which the Republicans claim credit may help their cause, but it has also taken out of that cause most of the crusading spirit which swept Mr. Eisenhower into power in 1952. The issue of the President's health, important as it is, is a negative one which the Democrats cannot exploit freely without incurring the charge of bad taste. The rise in the general cost of living, and even the price squeeze that has reduced the farmers' incomes, are both still in the nature of discomforts rather than hardships. They are being exaggerated by the Democrats and minimised by the Republicans, with neither side sounding very convincing.

The artificial flavour of the campaign may also be partly due to the characters of the two principal contestants, neither of whom are politicians in the blinkered hard-hitting sense of that word. President Eisenhower has always liked to feel himself above party, and indeed much of his popularity derives from that. This autumn the Republicans have felt obliged to drag him off his pedestal and on to the party platform in order to take advantage of his great personal prestige, but they are playing a dangerous game. The more politically one-sided

speeches that the President makes, the more he shrinks in stature from national to party leader and the less real authority lies behind his words.

Mr. Stevenson makes an ineffective politician for other reasons; one is his capacity to see two sides to every question, a tendency which introduces a hesitant note into his speech-making and has caused him to muffle some of his most promising lines of attack on the Administration. His other handicap is a deep-seated distaste for the fulsome insincerity required for political canvassing. He has gallantly forced himself into the role of a baby-kissing, hand-shaking candidate, but the effort involved is evident. As I watched him last week making his way through boisterous crowds of high-school children and college students in the small towns of Pennsylvania, I felt the contrast between his publicity beaming smile and the fixed look of private misery in his blue eyes. To do him justice, I do not think the crowds were aware of it, but its unconscious effect may have been to evoke the somewhat reserved friendliness rather than any real fervour which was noticeable among those Pennsylvanian crowds. If Mr. Stevenson does reach the White House he will be carried there on what he himself is calling 'the rising Democratic tide' to which recent votes in Maine and Alaska may well bear witness.—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

# University Graduates and their Employment

By J. G. W. DAVIES

**F**ULL employment means that no one is out of a job. But it does not necessarily mean that skill and talent are being used to the full and in the right places. The well-known research group P.E.P. was asked to study the following questions: What is happening to our brightest young men? How do young graduates distribute themselves in the national economy? In particular, are they getting a chance to make their contribution to the development of post-war British industry?

## A Systematic Survey

It is the first time that a systematic survey embracing all universities has been conducted and this is therefore a study of some importance. And behind it, implied rather than explicit, lies the big question whether our universities should remain a sort of intellectual free-for-all or how far they should respond to pressure by government and industry to turn out just those articles which the economy of the day is asking for. We have waved goodbye to *laissez-faire* economics. Is it prudent to do the same to *laissez-faire* education?

The first stage of the inquiry takes about 4,000 graduates who completed their degrees in 1950; it shows what occupations they entered and at what starting salaries: it then shows what they were doing in 1954 and what they were earning. It tries to bring out the time at which they made their choice of occupation and how far industry was in their thoughts as a likely choice. What has just been published this week sets the scene for the second part of the story which will appear next year and which will be concerned with how industry handles graduate recruitment and training and with the experiences of a sample of young graduates working in industry.

The group divided itself between arts subjects and science and engineering subjects in approximately the proportion of 52 per cent. to 48 per cent. Medical and agricultural students were excluded from the survey, so, if they had been counted in, men reading scientific subjects would slightly have outnumbered those reading arts.

Industry is not keenly interested in biological scientists, however, and would therefore say that the universities in 1950 were gravely under-producing the kind of scientific graduate they need. They make precisely the same complaint today as the deficit piles up. If we are so short of technically trained men, it is chilling to read that nearly two-thirds of the men who decided to teach science and mathematics had third-class or pass degrees. Our latest information is that last year there was an improvement in the number of graduates becoming schoolmasters in these subjects, but surely quality is as important as quantity.

To judge by the graduates in this survey: if you are reading an arts subject, the odds are three to one that you will become a schoolmaster,

about eight to one that you will go into industry, also about eight to one that you will go into commerce (*i.e.*, banking, insurance, merchanting, accountancy, and the like). If you are a scientist, it is even that you will go into industry and if you are an engineer it is two to one on.

For every four technical men industry took one arts graduate. Is the arts man there on his merits or merely as a reflection of the shortage of scientists? If enough technical graduates were forthcoming, would industry drop the arts graduate with relief? My own answer is no—though the flow might be somewhat reduced. My reason for such a categorical opinion is that arts graduates have in fact proved their worth in times when scientists and engineers were in good supply. What is certain, however, is that in choosing arts recruits industry will always apply rather rigorous standards in terms both of personal qualities and of ability: by which is intended a capacity for affairs rather than academic attainment. At present almost any man with a degree in science or engineering can get a good start in industry. The arts man must offer something more than his degree.

## Demand for Scientists

The trouble with surveys of this kind is that by the time the information has been collected and analysed it is already getting out of date. Take salaries, for instance: there is a fascinating array of detail never before assembled about the rates paid in different occupations. In those spacious days at the turn of the half-century it seems that you could buy an average arts graduate for about £450 and an average scientist for about £500. But, like most commodities, graduates have gone up considerably since 1950. May I reassure the dismayed undergraduate and quench the hopes of the optimistic employer by pointing out that in these days you must go at least 25 per cent. above the figures quoted in this survey if you want to come into this difficult market.

—*'At Home and Abroad'* (Home Service)

*The Year Book of World Affairs 1956* has now been published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs by Stevens and Sons, price £2 2s. It contains, among other things, articles on 'The Geneva Meetings' by Lord Lindsay of Birker, 'Strains on Nato' by Susan Strange, and 'Commonwealth Conferences 1945-1955' by J. D. B. Miller. There are reports on world affairs and a consolidated index to volumes 1-10.

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Miss Helen M. Cam took as her subject for the Founders' memorial lecture at Girton College, Cambridge, 'Law as it looks to a historian'. It has now been published by W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge, price 2s. 6d.



## Aspects of Africa

# The Towns of the Copperbelt

By CLYDE MITCHELL

**N**OT far from the railway station at Ndola, the gateway town to the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt, stands a large wild-fig tree. This tree is known as the slave-tree, for it was in its shade, sixty years ago, that the slave raiders and traders met to do their evil business. It was at this point that many hundreds, if not thousands, of unwilling tribesmen and women stopped on a stage of the long journey to the east coast of Africa. The slave-traders were dealing in manpower, and manpower is vitally important where there are no beasts of burden and no sources of mechanical power. Not only were the slaves needed as labourers in the clove plantations at the end of their journey; they were also needed to transport to the coast the ivory, copper, beeswax, and other commodities the traders had acquired on their trip inland.

## Labour Migration

The slave trade came to an abrupt end when the British South Africa Company extended its activities northwards across the Zambesi. The last slave caravan was intercepted in 1903. The trade was not only inhuman and immoral: the authorities were able to point out, as Mr. Gann has noted, that it constituted an iniquitous abduction of valuable labour. In fact, as Mr. Gann puts it: 'The slave trade was the original form of labour migration in Africa. Before it could be suppressed the new form of labour migration enforced by the signed contract and the tax receipt, instead of the slaver's musket, could not come into existence'. But the end of the slave trade did not mean that the Africans came tumbling out of their villages into the white man's cities. A tribal system has a certain tenacity of its own and it is not easy to prise a man out of it. The slave raider characteristically used the musket to achieve his purpose: the white man characteristically used an economic lever. He demanded an annual tax to be paid either in cash—which meant that the African had to seek work with the white man to earn it—or he had to work for the Administration until he had earned the appropriate amount: which comes to the same thing. It was some time before the tribes of Northern Rhodesia took to the idea of labour migration. The authorities found it difficult to tip the decanter initially: they find it equally difficult to stem the flow today.

Recent estimates put the African population of the Copperbelt at approximately 200,000. The men employed on the mines, and their families, all live in the African townships erected by the mines for their employees. None lives outside them. Most of those employed outside the mines, that is by commerce, Government, the building contractors and many domestic servants, live in the African townships or suburbs, erected and maintained by the local authorities. These townships are not townships in the sense that they are administratively and financially autonomous groups within the precincts of the industrial area. They are essentially residential areas administered directly by the mining companies for their employees, or by the municipal councils through paid European and African officials for the employees of their ratepayers. The finances for the maintenance of the areas come out of the company funds or the general revenue of the municipality.

The administrative centre of the township is the office of the African Personnel Manager on the mines, or his counterpart, the Director of African Administration, in the municipalities. The social centre is the welfare hall where entertainments are held or where important public meetings take place. A local market and a few shops usually supply the daily needs of the people though the main spending is done in the so-called 'second-class trading areas' in the public townships, outside the African areas. The houses, nowadays, are usually two, three, four, or even five roomed structures with asbestos roofs of a standard far higher than the usual village house. The temporary houses erected in great numbers during and shortly after the last war differed little from the village huts, but the improvements since then have been considerable. But however fast these new houses are being built the influx of Africans is so great that many of the older houses must still remain occupied.

The rate of expansion was not always as rapid as this. Before the

copper mines came into existence in the middle 'twenties there were few wage-earning opportunities available in Northern Rhodesia. Before the 1914-1918 war the largest employers were the lead and zinc mines at Broken Hill and the now defunct copper mines at Kansanshi and Bwana Mkubwa. Labour recruiters from Southern Rhodesia and the Congo looked upon Northern Rhodesia as a fruitful source of labour. But the 1914-1918 war was a turning point. This was because, first, the campaign on Northern Rhodesia's doorstep had necessitated the movement of men and materials through areas hitherto untouched, and so brought some of the products of western civilisation to thousands of men and women who otherwise may not have known of them for many years to come. Secondly, the demand for raw material following Europe's industrial expansion after the war reawakened interest in the minerals of Northern Rhodesia which, for technical reasons, had lain untouched for twenty-five years.

It was in 1927 that the first shafts of the new mines were sunk and at that time about 11,000 Africans were employed. In two years, just before the recession set in, the number had doubled. This increase in the labour force had been achieved at no little cost of effort. Labour in those days had to be recruited and the agents operated far and wide to bring it to the mines. Many thousands of Northern Rhodesian Africans were going to Tanganyika, the Congo, and Southern Rhodesia—many of them into mining occupations. Nyasaland Africans were coming into Northern Rhodesia to agricultural occupations. But recruiters found it difficult to find labourers who would come to the copper mines: so much so that in 1929 a large number of alien natives were recruited in Southern Rhodesia to work in the Northern mines. It is not easy to account for this prejudice against the copper mines in the early stages of their existence. The conditions in them were no worse and wages no lower than elsewhere. Some Africans were prejudiced against one particular mine because they believed that a large snake lived in a nearby river and caused the death of labourers in some mysterious way. But no such rumours had developed about the other copper mines. In the lack of other information we can only conclude that the poor recruiting draw of the copper mines lay in the conservatism of the labourers and the grip of the 'old familiar things and places'.

Whatever the cause of the prejudice, it was short-lived. The world-wide economic recession began to affect Central Africa shortly afterwards, and by 1931, when the depth of the depression had reached Central Africa, not only had the recruiting stopped but Northern Rhodesia Africans were being repatriated from the Congo. This was the end of labour supply problems for the copper mines. From then onwards, as the industry recovered, recruiting was never again necessary. In 1940 about 29,000 Africans were employed in the copper mining industry. By the end of 1954 this number had doubled. Over the last ten years the annual rate of increase has been slightly over 5 per cent. Other sources of wage employment have increased commensurately so that the towns have been increasing over the last ten years at a rate considerably higher than that of the African population as a whole. We estimate that the African population of the towns of Northern Rhodesia has been increasing at the rate of about 10 per cent. per annum against the over-all natural increase of only 2½ per cent. per annum.

## Growth in Urban Population

The mechanics of the increase, on the surface of it, appear simple enough: more people are living in towns. But in fact the trend appears to be the result of a number of somewhat complicated demographic processes. First, we should perhaps consider the possibility that because of better medical facilities in towns and because urban populations are selected in favour of young married couples, the natural increase in the towns is greater than in the rural areas. The demographic survey of 1950 showed that the average number of births per year per adult woman was higher in the towns than in rural areas. I do not think that this is because women in the towns are more fertile. It is due, I think, to the fact that the urban population is heavily loaded in the



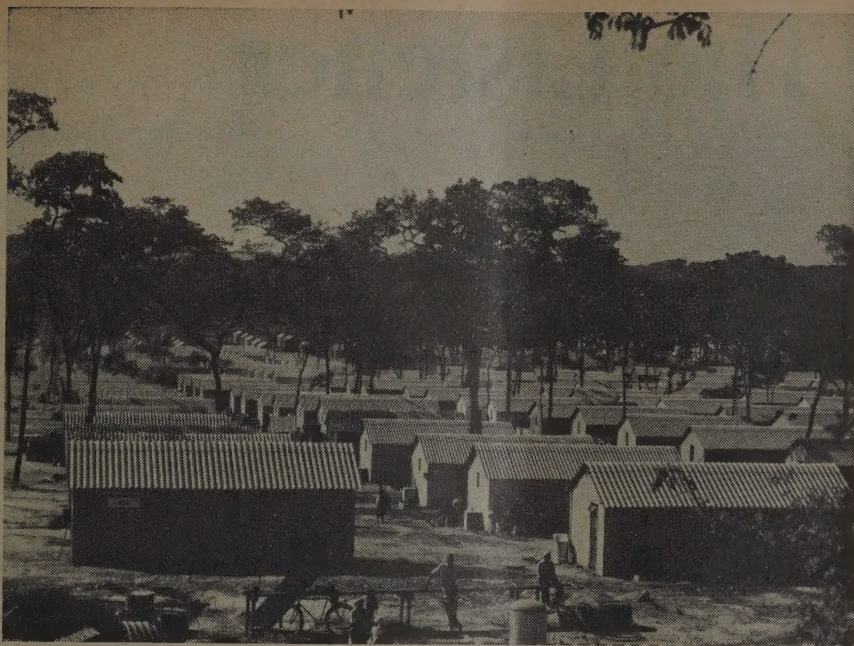
most fertile age groups, that is between twenty and twenty-nine. Nevertheless the general demographic result is that the urban areas must show a greater annual increase of total population than the rural areas and to some extent this must partly account for the current rapid growth of the urban populations.

Secondly, there appears to be a steady increase of the proportion of women and children in the towns. Not only are there more men coming to work in towns, but more men are bringing their wives and children with them. To illustrate this from one copper mine: in 1934 only 48 per cent. of the African men had their families with them. By 1954, 75 per cent. had their families with them. A good proportion of the remaining 25 per cent. were young men who had never married so that the proportion who had left their wives in the rural areas must be very small. A social survey conducted by the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute in 1951 suggests that of every six adult men on the Copperbelt, four have their wives with them, one has never married, and one has left his wife in the rural area. It follows, therefore, that as more wives and families come to town the urban population increases more rapidly than the mere increase of the male working population suggests.

The third factor which makes for the swelling of the Copperbelt towns is that there may have been a change in the quantity of migration to the towns. By this I mean that possibly a greater proportion of potential migrants have become real migrants. Unfortunately it is a difficult matter to measure this, partly because it begs the question of who the potential migrants are, and partly because the collection of the requisite data is so difficult. The estimates of administrative officers of the proportion of tax-payers absent from their districts each year over the last twenty years, seem to suggest that there has been no radical change. But, on the other hand, we must be careful of the way in which we use their figures. They may be misleading because a complex phenomenon such as migration cannot be measured by a simple percentage. A measure of the degree of labour migration must take into account not only the number of people away but how long they have been away, and whether they are likely to return within any given period. The current measures of labour migration are analogous to the crude death rate, while the statistic we need is analogous to the life table.

A fourth demographic process which may contribute to the growth of towns in Northern Rhodesia is the change in the quality of migration. When an African leaves his rural village to seek work in town for the first time, it is unlikely that he has any doubts about his eventual return. It is not a case of his packing up, lock, stock, and barrel, and moving into town for good. On the contrary he feels that his home is in the village and that he will return to it some day. What in fact happens is a different matter. Sometimes he comes back after a while to town. Sometimes he comes back for a spell, and then returns to the town. Sometimes he never comes back at all and becomes what the villagers sadly call a *muchona*—a lost one. It follows that if for some reason the average length of stay of an African in town increases, for a period at any rate, the total population of the town will also show an increase. People are coming into town at the same rate but they are not leaving it so quickly. In due course, when the period of stay is stabilised, the sort of artificial growth of the town will cease.

Unfortunately we lack the statistics to be able to give weight to these various factors in the



Housing for African employees of the new Bancroft copper mine in Northern Rhodesia

growth of the Copperbelt towns. And it is difficult to see how they can be collected except through carefully planned demographic studies. Furthermore, the demographic measures we may devise, however ingenious they are, are only indexes of deep-seated social, economic, and political forces operating in the community. Whether towns will continue to grow at the present rate depends on the extent to which their economic bases remain stable. At the moment there are few Africans in the towns over the age of fifty: after all, the towns only came into being twenty-five years ago. The extent to which they will stay in town in their old age depends on whether they can find employment suitable for old people, or some other kind of financial support; or, conversely, whether the tribal system in their rural homes has changed so much that they have nowhere else to go.

These are not yet serious problems: they will begin to appear in the next ten years when the men who were present at the sinking of the first shafts and who have stayed in town ever since find themselves too old to go on working. The mining companies have already foreseen this problem and have introduced a pension scheme for their older African employees. But a pension scheme in itself does not solve the problem. The retired African worker must be able to retire to a home and the question is: where is that home to be? In the rural areas which he left when he was a young man and which he has scarcely revisited since? Or in the towns where, as yet, there are few opportunities for Africans to acquire fixed property?

In the meantime the ceaseless flow of people to and from the Copperbelt goes on. Once again people pause in Ndola as a stage on a long journey, at the bus terminals and the railway stations; they even get off their bicycles to rest in the shade of the old slave-tree. No longer are they fettered in slave-sticks and chains and driven by the whip of the caravan master. Instead they obey a far more exacting and compelling master. A slave could always hope that a kinsman of his might offer a tusk of ivory and so redeem him, or with luck he could escape from the plantation on the east coast. But from the grip of western money economy there is no escape.

—Third Programme



African and European working together in one of the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## A Scientific Triumph

THE nuclear power station at Calder Hall in Cumberland which was officially opened by Her Majesty the Queen yesterday is a triumph for British science and engineering. Indeed yesterday may well come to be considered an important date in the history of our country. Calder Hall is admittedly an experiment, a research tool, a prototype which has cost many millions of pounds to bring into being. Moreover it is a dual-purpose factory: for it has been established to produce from natural uranium fuel not only electric power for the national grid but also plutonium needed for military purposes. It is the result of much research and thought during the post-war years to which great experts like Sir John Cockcroft, Sir Christopher Hinton, and Sir William Penney have contributed as well as the thousands of men and women who are employed by the Atomic Energy Authority. The principles on which the station works are not unduly complicated. There are two atomic piles in which heat is generated by the splitting of atoms in uranium rods encased in a graphite moderator and cooled by carbon dioxide gas. The hot gas passes out of the piles and gives up its heat to produce steam which is used in conventional turbines to generate electricity, entering the grid system at Whitehaven. It is estimated that the station will give 65,000 kilowatts of power to the grid and supply a number of towns in the north-west of England. It is a pioneer station which puts us ahead of all known competitors.

Calder Hall itself is a seventeenth-century manor and the land lies near the sea not far from the Lake District. Access is obtained by a new bridge built across the river Calder. There is no railway, for a year's fuel can be carried in by a few lorries, contrasting with many railway wagons needed to supply a conventional electric power station. Care was taken over the placing of the buildings and the Friends of the Lake District were consulted in order that the landscape should be spoilt as little as possible. The factory is a relatively simple affair, dominated by familiar cooling towers, and colour has been used to reduce its austerities. The reactor which was completed last May, a remarkable achievement of civil engineering, resembles a huge boiler drum. Not a thing of beauty perhaps, but the plant at least compares favourably with many drab factories that scar neighbouring Lancashire.

The station is but the first of a number which will be built specifically for the Central Electricity Authority during the next twenty years. The construction of two of them will begin next year, one in Essex and one in Gloucestershire, while a second station is being built at Calder Hall also for the manufacture of plutonium. It is believed that when the programme is completed as much electricity may be obtained from atomic power as is manufactured today by coal-burning power stations, but by that time of course the demand for electricity will have vastly increased. Indeed there is no question of the coal industry being adversely affected, for coal will continue to be needed for fuel for many years to come. Other countries have been able to harness water power or burn more oil, but for Great Britain atomic power is a main hope for our industrial future. In the years to come it may well be that Calder Hall will be looked upon as quite as crude an instrument in the history of power as was the early Ford motor-car or Stephenson's 'Rocket' in the history of modern transport. It has even been said that the method is a waste of uranium. But the point is surely that something has been attempted and achieved: a bold experiment is under way and no patriot can fail to wish it luck.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Security Council's meeting

BEFORE THE SOVIET DELEGATE in the Security Council made use of the veto, Moscow radio made known the Soviet hostility to the Anglo-French proposals. Apart from publicising Mr. Shepilov's speech, broadcast an article in *Pravda* on October 10 stating:

Speeches made in the Security Council by the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, and the United States, and the Anglo-French draft resolution, fully supported by Dulles, bear witness to the fact that representatives of the Western Powers are not striving for a positive solution of the Suez question on a just basis. The Anglo-French draft resolution is of a purely provocative character. . . . It proposes to sanction interference in Egypt's internal affairs.

*Pravda* went on to accuse the western representatives of trying to enforce their resolution, thus demonstrating the 'colonising' character of their attitude. Whereas the West had been guilty of an 'unrealistic attitude in the Security Council, Mr. Shepilov's proposals had been 'warmly approved by broad circles in many countries'. Other accusations in Moscow broadcasts were that the U.S.A. was fully supporting the 'open threats of armed invasion of Egypt' by Britain and France and that Britain and France were using the Security Council to 'hijack' public opinion by putting forward an unacceptable resolution and then hoping to convince world opinion that force was the only way out. Moscow radio broadcast an article in *Pravda* by the Egyptian editor of *Al-Sha'b* on Egypt's 'historic battle for freedom':

Our people believe that by their gallant struggle they are defending their future and that of the whole world. . . . I cannot fail to say how grateful the Egyptian people are to the great Soviet Union, to the great Chinese people, and to the People's Democracies for the new position they have adopted on the Suez Canal problem. By this position they have demonstrated their profound faith in the principles of freedom and peace, their support for the principles of Bandung, and also the fact that they have already passed through that historic stage which the peoples of Asia and Africa are now passing.

On October 11 Cairo radio broadcast an article in *Al-Sha'b* saying: 'the British Government is feeling for any way out of the crisis position into which it has fallen. This can be achieved by climbing down to a compromise'. Speaking of the private meetings in New York, *Al-Sha'b* was quoted as saying:

Pineau and Selwyn Lloyd were determined that the meeting should be held in private, so as to hide their manoeuvres and plots from the world.

A 'Voice of the Arabs' broadcast accused M. Pineau and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd of having 'unleashed a flood of lies' in the Security Council and went on:

They stood up to misrepresent historical facts, misquote the provisions of the United Nations Charter, and misinterpret the Convention. But the peoples of the world laughed. . . . Egypt stands behind her all the Arab states and most of the states of the world.

*Al-Ahram* was quoted as predicting the 'imminent downfall' of Selwyn Lloyd and Anthony Eden; and *Al-Sha'b* as saying:

Our people and army, if destined to enter an armed battle in defence of Egypt's independence and dignity, will be victorious over the forces of treachery and betrayal.

A 'Voice of the Arabs' broadcast declared that Egypt was 'preparing her forces' to exalt Arabs and Moslems 'from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Aden'. Commenting on the recent hostilities on the Israeli-Jordan frontier, *Al-Gumhuriya* was quoted as saying that the battle of Jordan was the battle of all Arabs—'a battle against imperialism, its tools and propaganda'.

Events in eastern Europe continued to arouse widespread concern in the West. Many commentators linked the Poznan trials—symbolising the growing struggle for greater freedom in the satellite states, as articulated in Poland—and the recent Tito-Khrushchev talks, as revealing the dilemma facing the Kremlin. If the Soviet leaders lend their movement for more freedom in the satellites go unchecked, it might get out of hand. If they tried to reimpose the Stalinist terror, it might cause an explosion. If they permitted Tito to foster his ambitions to transform the Soviet satellites into national communist states after the Yugoslav model, Moscow was in danger of losing its hold over eastern Europe. If they continued to try to prevent the implementation of Khrushchev's promise about 'different paths to socialism', the Sino-Soviet *rapprochement* might fall asunder.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE HOUSE WHERE THE TIME MACHINE WAS BORN

UPPARK', SAID JULIA GREENWOOD in a Home Service talk, 'is a particularly beautiful house. So it may sound a little odd to suggest that some large gratings let into the ground in front of the entrance have rather more significance than such things usually have. If you stare down these gratings, it is immediately apparent they are not part of the drains or dungeons, but serve as ventilators and skylights for underground passages. These connect the big house with the kitchen building and the stable block. They seem to me to symbolise the hard way by which a boy and a girl, both aged seventeen, began to make their way from the servant class at Uppark to life above stairs.

'The girl was to attain extraordinary heights of notoriety as Emma, Lady Hamilton, and the mistress of Lord Nelson. As for the boy, one hundred years later, he was to meet his mother, Mrs. Wells, the housekeeper at Uppark, toiling up the hill one Sunday after church. "White-faced and breathing threats of suicide", he broke to her the news that he had just walked seventeen miles that morning from Southsea and that he was not going back there. He told her that he hated the Southsea Drapery Emporium where he was an apprentice, and he begged her to let him go to Midhurst grammar school as student-assistant.

'His mother was dismayed beyond measure. But her seventeen-year-old son was firm. Suicide would be the answer if not Midhurst grammar school. The name of this boy was Herbert George Wells. He was first to become well known as the writer of strange fantasies which we now recognise as science fiction. Later, as social reformer, historian, and prophet he grew into one of the greatest figures of the recent past.

'At Uppark you can step back without effort into both Emma's eighteenth-century world and the life of Wells' Victorian boyhood. The real reason for the unchanged state of the house is not its seclusion, but the influence of its owner from 1774 to 1845, Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh. Battoni's portrait which hangs in the drawing-room at Uppark shows him as a very wide-awake young man with sandy hair and a noticeably sharp enquiring nose. It was Sir Harry who brought Emma to Uppark. He found her in London at a so-called Temple of Health run by a quack doctor named Graham, where she added zest to the doctor's lectures by posing gracefully in Grecian robes and occasionally obliging with a rousing song. She stayed at Uppark for a year. She was the daughter of a servant and what the servants' hall thought of her one can only imagine. Her position was certainly not respectable.

'But even though the visitor to Uppark today may gaze at the dining-room table on which Emma is supposed to have danced for the benefit of Sir Harry and his companions, I have a feeling that Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh was a perfectionist who gave this extraordinarily beautiful hoyden, who flashed in and out of his life, a veneer of good manners which later, as the wife of one of Britain's most distinguished ambassadors, she must have valued. As time went by, Sir Harry grew to a crusty bachelor with a nice taste in literature and equally good taste in the furnishing of a house. Finally, at seventy, he fell in love

with one of his dairy-maids and courted her in the delightfully pretty pavilion-like dairy. As Sir Harry's wife, Mary Anne, the dairy-maid, probably never learned to sit at ease in the elegant drawing-room with its crimson flock wallpaper, its ancestral portraits, and exquisite Waterford glass chandeliers. But she made Sir Harry happy in his old age and he lived to be ninety-two.

'Wells remembered a great deal about Uppark. He thought of it—as he was to record in his autobiography—as one of the great houses where people in the past had been able to read, talk, think, and write in "an atmosphere of unhurried liberal enquiry", and that England had gained a great deal because of them. He thought also that the estate of Uppark and the sharply marked out farms, villages, and towns of the countryside below caught him in just the proper phase to awaken in him a sense of social relationship and history that might never have been roused if he had remained surrounded by suburbs'.

## QUITE A GUY

'During the summer', said VIVIAN OGILVIE in 'Window on the West', 'I spent a day at Winchester, talking to visitors from other countries. An American pleaded for guide-books like the Michelin guides in France. He thought that altogether our information services needed tuning up. The information is available, he said, if you know where to go for it, but it is not made prominent. On the matter of food, several visitors had discovered that really good English cooking is to be found in private homes. The big hotels were satisfactory, and Americans who had been here before noted that they could now get iced water. But the people who had to patronise small catering establishments all over England found the food poor to beastly.

'An American production manager, who was born in England, was dismayed at the methods of work that he said had not changed since he emigrated thirty years ago. And he thought there were often too many men on a job. He had watched eleven men engaged on putting mailbags into a train—only two of whom were actually doing anything. Another American, over here for a conference on improving livestock, said that in scientific work we were right up in front. He and his wife had been here in the nineteen-twenties, and they reported three big changes: women and girls are all vastly better dressed; the children are bigger and more robust and healthier; the British have discarded their reserve and show the greatest friendliness and readiness to help.

'All the visitors were impressed with the interior of Winchester Cathedral. Many of the Europeans were knowledgeable about architecture and were comparing this cathedral with others they had seen in England and with those on the continent. Some had just seen Salisbury or Bath Abbey or the cathedral and St. Mary's Redcliffe in Bristol.

'But more generally they spoke of their difficulty in envisaging so much past history. Three students from Michigan told me they could not imagine the circumstances out of which such a cathedral arose. "Take that guy", one of them said, pointing to a carved figure on a tomb. "I just have no idea what kind of a guy he was or what his life was like". The guy was William of Wykeham. So I told them what I



The drawing-room of Uppark, Sussex

'Country Life'



knew of him—his humble beginnings, how he carved a career for himself in church and state, raised himself to the "boss" class, amassed a fortune, and then spent his money endowing educational institutions. Such a splendidly orthodox success story seemed to lend the fourteenth century a credible reality. "Gee!" the students said. "Must have been quite a guy!"

### A VISIT TO INGLEBOROUGH

'It was pouring and I was drenched when I first met Ingleborough', said GEOFFREY GRIGSON in a North of England Home Service talk. 'I had cycled from Ribbleshead station, which is 1,015.9 feet above sea-level. Ingleborough, of course, is not a high mountain. It is not very much more than twice as high as Ribbleshead Station; and it swells up—from Ribbleshead Station, more or less—rather slowly, eminence after eminence. First comes Park Fell, some 800 feet above the station. Then the ridge of the mountain drops and climbs again across Suther Scales Fell up to Simon Fell, and you are more than 1,000 feet above the station, long out of sight or mind of such things as railways or trains. But, by now, you are not also much below the highest point, which is 2,414 feet all told above not the station but sea level. And so, by that long, slow, undramatic route Ingleborough has taken rather more than three miles to climb rather more than 1,400 feet.

'But you have come to the top, you have come to the end. Ingleborough now takes a jump or two, now drops rapidly down, and curves towards the meadows of Lancashire. From Lancashire in the west, and from the north, which is Chapel-le-Dale, and from the south, Ingleborough appears a fine lonely mountain, a fine uprising lonely outpost of Yorkshire, appearing higher than it actually is, a great dignified reclining stony sculptured animal stretching its paws out towards the Greta and the Lune, and raising its head into the wet winds which blow across from Dublin. Gray, you remember, called it a "huge creature of God"; a huge being, a huge animal. And he had seen it first from Lancaster, distinct and lonely. Next Gray saw it from the leads of the tower of Hornby Castle, "completely wrapped in clouds", he wrote, "all but its summit; which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud, too, fraught with an approaching storm".

'I do not suppose Gray walked on the limestone scars or saw one of Ingleborough's caves or pot-holes, and as he came to Craven in rather nippy weather, in the first two weeks of October, he was too late for most of the flowers of Ingleborough, much as he knew about plants. He saw its individual totality, its massive unity, and yet he saw, I think, few of the details, few of the contents which add into a Great Good Mountain. I shall not say much about the caves or the pot-holes. Some people, though, think that mountains are just there to be climbed, to make one feel, according to an old saying, yards above oneself, like an auctioneer in the rostrum or a parson in the pulpit—or a junior minister in the tube of a television set. Others—perhaps they are the same ones who have to climb—also have to descend. They cannot see a pot-hole without wishing to be at the bottom of it, or go into a cave without wishing to get to the far end. I sympathise, but I have climbed to the flat summit of Ingleborough, I have been into a good many of Ingleborough's caves, I have stood on the edge of Alum Pot, which goes 292 feet down into Ingleborough, and then I have marked the waterfall vanishing out of sight, I have marked how definite and delicate the ash leaves are against the black yawn of this pot-hole, and the way wild

garlic grows on its walls and bird's-eye primrose on its lip. And for me that has been enough without climbing down inside—and worth while'.

### FLYING AT HENDON IN EARLY DAYS

'The first aircraft I ever took into the air', said CAPTAIN H. C. BIARD in a Home Service talk, 'was out of Hendon in the autumn of 1911. This machine on which I learnt—it was a Howard Wright—could climb to about 500 feet, depending greatly on the weather. And the speed I suppose was forty-five miles an hour. There were no instruments, so you did not know what speed you were doing, and as you were probably three miles an hour above the stalling speed it was very questionable whether you might stall, but many people in those days did not even know you could until they found out, which I saw a number of people do. Nobody flew in those days if there was an

wind at all. In fact I often saw people hold up handkerchiefs and if moved slightly they said "It's too rough". I stayed at Hendon three days and nothing happened. Suddenly I thought: not breath of wind, I really must do something today. So I went to the old foreman and said "Can I do something?". He said: "Of course, certainly. We'll push the machine out and you can get in. Well I had never sat one before. The engine was a fifty-horse-power Gnome engine which was a rotary engine and had a throttle, only a switch all on, or all off. And said: "Get in, we'll start the engine up. If I were you I would go very slow and see if you can guide it on the ground".

'I started with the switch "on and off", and



Ingleborough from Chapel-le-Dale, Yorkshire

G. D. Bolton

I found that the faster it went the more easy it was to steer. So I pushed the stick very gently forward and the tail came off the ground. I thought this was lovely. Great speed—probably forty-five miles an hour—but it seemed a great speed to me, and suddenly I felt a sort of floating sensation which I had never felt before in my life, and I looked down between my feet and there the ground was twenty feet below was flying. Then I looked ahead and there were the trees approaching so I couldn't stop; anyway, I hardly knew how to. There was only one thing: to pull the stick slightly back. I went over the trees—over M Hill, straight out into the country, finally reaching probably 500 feet.

'I tried the ailerons gently and found that they worked. I then tried the elevator gently and I found that it seemed to work. Mind you, very gently, of course. Then I thought I must turn back, so I tried the rudder and I suppose I probably went about ten miles round till suddenly saw the Colindale Avenue again which goes up to Hendon and which has not changed; it is exactly the same today. I came aloft there and then put the nose down. It was a terrific angle, and a terrific speed it seemed to me—I daresay it was sixty-five miles an hour, and the front elevator which was right in front of the aeroplane seemed almost on the ground, and then I switched off, and it settled down crash, wallop, crash, wallop, crash, wallop—and came to a stop. Nothing was broken. I thought "Thank goodness", because of my dear aunt who would have had to pay for anything broken. Then the old foreman came up to me; rushing out there, he screamed and was very rude and said "I thought you had gone for good". I said "Yes, so did I".

'We had to be very careful with passengers—especially ladies—as we fastened their hats on lest the wind should blow them off and they should go in the propeller (the propellers, of course, were wood in those days), but even so, we often found hat pins stuck right through them



# Thoughts on Refugees

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

A REFUGEE essentially must be, I suppose, a person whom his own country wishes to get rid of because they do not like him. It does not sound as if they would be, on the whole, an agreeable class. Yet, in history, we find that all the nations who have taken in refugees in times of persecution have been glad to have done so. They have all gained by it.

The biggest case in modern history was when the Turks took Constantinople. The refugees had none of them committed crimes. There was no particular charge to be brought against them except that they were Greeks and Christians, and that they would not stay to live under the Turks and the Moslems. So they came, mostly in a good deal of distress, and were taken in by kindly people, chiefly in Italy, then afterwards in France, and so further west; and made, by their coming, what is always called the Renaissance, that rebirth of civilisation which made the modern world spring into existence after the dead Middle Ages.

## Those Who Would Not Bow the Head

There have been other great periods—for instance, there was a great exodus of Protestant refugees from France who came here and were said to be particularly good citizens: something of the same sort happened when the survivors of the *ancien régime* were driven out of France at the time of the Revolution. There was a generation of refugees from Italy who were much admired in England: people like Garibaldi, people like Mazzini, who founded a sort of school of Italy-lovers; who had a great effect on all the English poets. If we look further back in history altogether, is it not curious how, in Roman history, Cato and Brutus are supposed to be great types of virtue? Why? Because they would not bow their heads to the conquering imperialists; they would not bow to Caesar, therefore their own country cast them out. A refugee is nearly always the man of moral courage, who sticks to his position when his cause is lost.

We have had two great refugee periods from Germany: one at the time of the first world war when there were those who opposed the old German militarism of William II; the second when Hitler began to persecute not only the Jews but everyone who would not yield to his own more or less absurd doctrines. I remember well talking to people who stated that after all they would put up with Hitler and stay where they were. I remember a teacher telling me: 'Of course, I have to teach absurd history; but then if I went away probably somebody else would come who would teach as bad history as I have to now; and meantime what would happen to my wife and children?' The refugees were the people, on the whole, who faced that awful burden, gave up home and security and everything, and left their country rather than abandon their principles.

## Persecution of Science and Learning

At the time of the first world war there was a really strong anti-German feeling. The most harmless and liberal and generous Germans were objected to. But when Hitler began the persecution of the Jews, and not only of the Jews but almost everybody who hated the persecution, it was different. It was felt that many of the best elements in Germany were being persecuted. I remember Lord Beveridge going over to Germany at that time. When he came back he said to me: 'We must do something to protect science and learning. Science and learning are being absolutely persecuted in Germany'. Then he started his committee for the protection of science and learning, and asked all his colleagues in London to subscribe some portion of their salaries. At that time I could not very well make regular yearly subscriptions, but I happened to have a cottage which I used to let for rent, and I put this cottage at the disposal of refugees; and if I gave a history of all the refugees who have lived, year after year, in that cottage, it would make an interesting story.

Almost at the beginning, but lasting for seven years, we had Rudolf Olden and his wife—afterwards, his child—living in the cottage. He

was an interesting case. He was not a Jew, he was just an opponent of Hitler. He was nearly caught by the secret police but escaped because on that particular day he happened to be pleading as a barrister in an unusual court, not in the court where he usually pleaded. News was brought to him that the Hitler police were after him, and he escaped across to Czechoslovakia, where his wife afterwards joined him. He was a journalist, a good, competent journalist, but a journalist is not an easily exportable piece of furniture. The thing that is current politics in Germany is not the same as the thing that is current politics in England. A journalist cannot immediately get work in another society. It is still worse for lawyers. A man who is fully expert in German law will often prove useless in a foreign country. On the other hand, a musician generally is fairly safe.

I was told of a man and his wife who were living in a slummy part of Oxford in a good deal of real distress and he was in poor health, indeed somewhat dangerous health. They told me that if he could come to my cottage where he could live in good air and in general comfort it might help to set his health up again. So we had him up here, treated him as an invalid, and within about a year he was perfectly strong. He was Rankl who became Director of the Covent Garden Opera Company. He was a great musician and recognised as a musician in London as well as in Germany. In between there were great numbers, not only in the cottage, but in the house as well.

## The Man Who Saw Hitler Bite the Carpet

The majority tended to be Jews. The Jews were in more active danger. Some really escaped from death. I remember one who had actually seen Hitler bite the carpet: you know one of his nicknames was *Teppich-beisser*—'carpet-biter'. This man was a fairly high official on the railway and was sent for by Hitler because there was a strike on his railway and that was a great offence.

'Why did they strike?'

'Well, Excellency, because we dismissed a certain person.'

'But why did you dismiss somebody whom they trusted? You should have sought in every way to win their confidence and to trust the people they trusted. Why did you dismiss that man?'

'Oh, Excellency, what could we do; he was a Jew!' Upon which the ruler of Germany gave a great scream and fell upon the floor and bit the carpet.

Oxford is a somewhat conservative and cautious university, but it certainly has played its part in welcoming the learned refugees from other countries. When our professorship of Latin became vacant we had excellent candidates of our own, but there happened to be a German scholar, a Jew, recently turned out, whom we thought even better for our purposes and whom we made the Professor of Latin in Oxford. He stayed here some time and did a great deal of Greek as well. In my line of subject he did an edition of Aeschylus which I think is more thoroughgoing and complete and detailed than any that has ever been published. There are other books of absolutely primal importance which have been done by Germans in Oxford: a magnificent work is Jacoby's collection of all the fragments of Greek historians; I think it is about eight volumes now. Then there is an edition of the fragments of a late Greek poet, Callimachus, who was known only by a few witty fragments and a certain number of hymns or songs; that is now published by Pfeiffer in a book of extraordinarily detailed learning, a kind of detailed learning which we have to admit is German rather than English.

Then there is another man, a great friend of mine now—Paul Maas—who was Professor of Greek in Königsberg; he was turned out by the Russians. He was a rich man with an estate; the estate was taken. He had a great library; his library was taken. His professorship, of course, was taken. Paul Maas came to England with no possessions at all, and I am happy to say the Oxford University Press rushed to meet him, and gave him employment.

These curious turns of history have produced curious forms of courage and a philosophy to meet them. Maas, for many years, had



no books, no clothes, no house. He had almost nothing and when friends here offered him a warmer coat for the winter he did not want one. He could live just as well without the most meagre comfort as long as he was able to do work to help Greek scholars. He helped me to a wonderful extent in a new edition of my text of Aeschylus. Now, I am happy to say, his position at home is restored but he often seemed to me to be like those ancient philosophers who cared nothing for the things of this world as long as they had the things of the intellect and the spirit.

I once had a talk with Ribbentrop, who said he was puzzled about the real feeling of England on political things. I said: 'There is one thing for certain—that England will not persecute, nor tolerate those who do persecute'. He seemed puzzled, but my memory ran back to some very old documents written by a Jew called Menasseh ben Israel, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, who said that he had been driven, with his fellow Jews, from country to country throughout Europe, but that in England, at least, whatever party was in power, there was no persecution.—*Home Service*

## A Programme for Prison Reform in Britain

By C. R. HEWITT

**I** HAVE the impression that people are much more interested than they were a few years ago in what goes on in our prisons; and I think there are two main reasons for this. The first is that our Prison Commissioners, who are about as progressive a body as you would find dealing with crime and criminals anywhere in the world, have in recent years thrown the whole system open to inspection. They welcome anyone with a responsible interest in penal matters—hundreds of voluntary workers, prison visitors, social science students (these often sleep and work in the prisons), press and radio men, and film companies.

### Drunken Drivers

The second reason why the public are more interested—which is another way of saying that they are more aware of the problem—is that a higher proportion of educated and observant people are actually going into the prisons as sentenced offenders against the law. There may soon be even more of these. A good many people making public pronouncements about what we ought to do with drunken drivers are saying that they should all go to prison. This is what happens in Sweden, where a motorist who is found to have a blood-count showing 1.5 per thousand of alcohol goes to prison for about three months without the option of a fine and without any admissible defence.

The prisons in this country, as in most countries, are badly overcrowded, and that is a condition that gets in the way of every single programme for prison reform and the intelligent treatment of offenders. So the Howard League for Penal Reform, in its annual report, puts forward a five-point plan. It starts at the right end when it urges, first of all, the adoption of every possible alternative to imprisonment. There are about 4,000 men in English prisons for debt, for example, mainly for failing to maintain their wives and families. In Scotland they do not send these men to prison: they stop the money out of their wages, a custom that has at least the virtue of getting the money from the man instead of from the Assistance Board—i.e., from you and me.

Secondly, says the Howard League, we ought to segregate some of our 'psychopaths' into special prisons. 'Psychopath' is one of those initially useful words that lose their intended meaning when they become popular jargon, but the word itself is an attempt to label those non-sane, non-insane types who have no social sense and little capacity to respond to punishment or training. They are a nuisance in ordinary prisons, trouble-makers always; and they cannot be sent to mental homes.

### Self-contained Units in Existing Buildings

The third thing the Howard League wants to do, since the Treasury tells us that there is so little money for new experimental buildings, is to use the big prisons we already have and divide them into self-contained units. They are fairly suitable for this because they are mostly built on the cartwheel principle, with a central administrative block; and each spoke of the wheel, or even each landing in each spoke of the wheel, could be set aside for special kinds of prisoners.

The fourth proposal is that every prison governor should be supplied with a kind of adjutant to relieve him of most of the administrative work and give him more time to deal with human beings. Finally, the prison officers themselves should be encouraged to do some 'personal

case-work'. Some actually try to do this at the moment, though I think that, in the sense generally understood as 'case-work', probably the majority do not; but it is an extremely difficult and delicate, and frequently frustrating, thing to attempt, and it undoubtedly calls for a special kind of training and a special kind of prison officer. A beginning on these lines is now being made at Norwich Prison, and it will be watched with the closest attention.

Moreover, the question of prison labour is very much in the mind of the Home Office and the Prison Commissioners. Lord Mancroft, Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office, said in a recent speech at Southsea: 'It's high time we found some alternative to stitching mail-bags as a job of work in prisons. We should like to employ many more prisoners on suitable tasks outside the prison, and we should like to bring more useful work into our prisons, to occupy those who cannot work outside. We have made some progress in this direction, but local prejudice dies hard. Quite a few employers and trade unions refuse to help'.

Accordingly, one of the most important articles of belief in the Howard League is that in matters of social reform generally you cannot sustain any programme that is too far ahead of public opinion. Perhaps its greatest problem, despite the awakened public conscience I mentioned, is still to influence the considerable section of public opinion which wants criminals punished because, and only because, the punishment of criminals, whatever else it does to them, is a public emotional need.—*At Home and Abroad* (Home Service)

## The Siskins

The bank swallows veer and dip,  
Diving down at my windows,  
Then flying almost straight upward,  
Like bats in daytime,  
And their shadows, bigger,  
Race over the thick grass;  
And the finches pitch through the air, twittering;  
And the small mad siskins flit by,  
Flying upward in little skips and erratic leaps;  
Or they sit sideways on limber dandelion stems,  
Bending them down to the ground;  
Or perch and peck at larger flower-crowns,  
Springing, one to another,  
The last-abandoned stalk always quivering  
Back into straightness;  
Or they fling themselves against tree trunks,  
Scuttling down and around like young squirrels,  
Birds furious as bees.

Now they move all together!—  
These airy hippety-hop skippers,  
Light as seed blowing off thistles!  
And I seem to lean forward,  
As my eyes follow after  
Their sunlit leaping.

THEODORE ROETHLI



# The Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow

By GEOFFREY BENNETT

IT is three years, almost to the day, since I first arrived in Moscow—three years since I walked across Revolution Square and saw, for the first time, the impressive façade of the Bolshoi Theatre. But one does not travel several thousand miles to admire Bove's masterpiece, those eight massive Ionic columns which support a bronze quadriga of Apollo. My all-compelling purpose that evening was the ballet.

Nevertheless, once inside and in my seat, I had time to look round the red and gold auditorium and to appreciate its great size and splendour. I had time, too, to study the audience, several thousand people from the many races of which the U.S.S.R. is compounded. It was evident that they all shared one emotion—eager anticipation for the performance that was to come. The whole theatre was electric with it. 'Bolshoi', by the way, is Russian for 'big', and it was the size of the stage that impressed me most; a proscenium half as wide again as Covent Garden's and proportionately higher. More important, perhaps, as I was soon to see, the Bolshoi stage is twice as deep as Covent Garden's—far larger than any stage in Britain. As for the orchestra, their white ties and tails were in sharp contrast with the work-day appearance of the audience.

The lights dimmed in the great chandelier and in the many candelabra round the five tiers above the stalls. Then I heard the strident issonances of Prokofiev's chords for brass and woodwind. And the curtain, predominantly old in colour, parted to reveal the triptych scene with which 'Romeo and Juliet' begins.

I left the theatre nearly four hours later, overwhelmed by a performance whose equal in poetry, dramatic intensity, and dancing of the highest order I had assuredly never seen before. And I was convinced of three things: that 'Romeo and Juliet', as conceived by Lavrovsky to Prokofiev's music, was a masterpiece; that the Bolshoi ballet company must be unique, especially perhaps in the virility of its male dancers and the astonishingly high standard of its corps-de-ballet; and that Galina Ulanova was a *prima ballerina assoluta* to be ranked with the greatest names in the history of ballet—with Pavlova, and with Taglioni.

And no subsequent performance which I saw at the Bolshoi, and its associated theatre, the smaller Leningrad Bolshoi, changed these impressions: rather, they strengthened them.

I spent two years in Moscow, during which I watched the Bolshoi Ballet nearly fifty times. I saw every ballet in their repertoire, more than fifteen, all of full length—for with the exception of 'Scheherazade' and 'Chopiniana' (as, 'Les Sylphides'), the Russians do not favour the short one-act ballet to which we are accustomed in England. Londoners, myself among them, have now

seen four of these ballets at Covent Garden, and everyone has been able to read the praise accorded to them by the critical press. Of 'Romeo and Juliet', 'Giselle', 'Swan Lake', and 'Fountain of Bakhchisarai', I will, therefore, say little. I remember them as the best in the Bolshoi repertoire. But, grateful as we are for the chance to see them in this

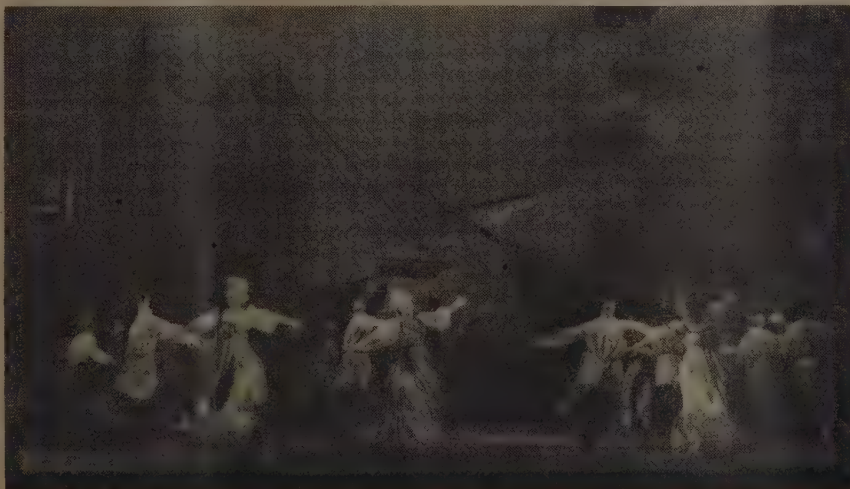


The Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow—

country, we should not overlook that they have suffered in their translation to Covent Garden's smaller stage. The naturalistic style of *décor* and the sumptuous costumes are well suited to the Bolshoi's greater size, though perhaps they remind us more of the nineteenth-century theatre. More important, a stage area about three times as large as Covent Garden's allows the dancers far greater freedom of movement. This is as necessary for the grand scale on which the choreography is conceived as it is for the Russian style of dancing, whether that be purely classical, as in 'Swan Lake', or derived from national dances as in the fiery dance

of the whips at the end of 'Bakhchisarai'. Thirdly, there is room on the Bolshoi stage for a much larger corps-de-ballet which adds as much to the bustling excitement of the streets of Verona in 'Romeo and Juliet' as it does to the magical beauty of Acts 2 and 4 of 'Swan Lake'.

I have tried to emphasise the greater splendour of ballet as it is danced at the Bolshoi; let me turn to the remainder of the company's repertoire. A few ballets I had no wish to see more than once. The classical 'Raimonda', to music by Glazounov, I found tedious. Nor do I



—and a scene from one of its productions, 'The Bronze Horseman'



admire 'Flames of Paris', a modern ballet with a French Revolution story. Neither 'Red Sails' nor 'Fadetta' is outstanding, although 'Fadetta' is danced to Delibes' charming music which we know as 'Sylvia'. The nineteenth-century 'Don Quixote', to music by Minkus, is worth seeing for the wonderful mime of the name part, but in the choreography there is too much pseudo-Spanish dancing. My biggest disappointment was 'The Story of the Stoneflower'. It was difficult to believe that anything so uninspired could have been conceived by the choreographer and composer of 'Romeo and Juliet'. 'The Story of the Stoneflower' is a version of a Russian folk story, with a multitude of transformation scenes; and even *Pravda* in its notices described the scenery as moving more than the dancers.

But if I seem to have dismissed a significant part of the Bolshoi repertoire as unworthy of their art, more than enough remains to enchant both eye and ear in addition to the ballets now to be seen in London. Two we know: 'Sleeping Beauty' and 'Cinderella'. My admiration for both was qualified by recollections of performances by the Sadler's Wells ballet. The Bolshoi 'Sleeping Beauty' lacks Oliver Messel's costumes and settings. And there is little magic in it, despite the superb mime of Carabos, danced as a fiendishly attractive young witch instead of a repulsive old one, and a lovely performance of the part of the Lilac Fairy.

But while the Bolshoi gives more of Tchaikovsky's enchanting music than we are accustomed to in England, there is doubtful justification for a whole additional act that consists largely of the voyage of the Prince and the Lilac Fairy through the enchanted forest to the Sleeping Princess's castle. Not merely the backcloth but all the scenery rolls past a static boat until one wonders how they could stow it all away.

Prokofiev's 'Cinderella' has similar mechanical wonders to accompany the Prince's frenzied search for the owner of the lost shoe; and I question whether real fountains and a firework display—done by lighting—are desirable additions to the ballroom scene. But there is much to be said for the Russian interpretation of the Ugly Sisters. With no pantomime tradition that these should be played by men, they are danced by ballerinas who are ugly only in character, not in appearance. And in Act 2 there is a moment which is superbly contrived. The great ballroom slowly fills with guests. The King, the Queen, and the Prince come in. Then the stage is plunged into darkness and a single spot picks out the white figure of Cinderella entering from the very back of the deep stage. As the music rises to a *crescendo* climax, she dances slowly down towards the footlights: as slowly, the stage lights come on, to reach full brilliance as she arrives at the front of the stage. Then, in a final splendid *coup-de-théâtre*, all the auditorium lights are switched on so that the whole theatre is ablaze. A simple effect, but one which never fails to provoke a thunderous roar of applause.

'Red Poppy', a Soviet ballet whose reputation has travelled far, has a political theme which may not please a western audience. Nevertheless it is well worth seeing for Ulanova's performance in the principal role, which she has made very much her own, and for the whole of the middle act, a glorious dream of ancient China.

Pushkin's poem, 'The Bronze Horseman', is staged with a degree of spectacle which is more responsible for its popularity than the choreography. Peter the Great, looking exactly like Peter the Great, launches a great ship. Assisted by a transformation scene, he builds St. Petersburg. Then the hero is trapped by the rising waters of the river Neva; the whole stage seems to be flooded with astonishing realism to a depth of ten feet, with all the flotsam and jetsam of the city tossing by on the

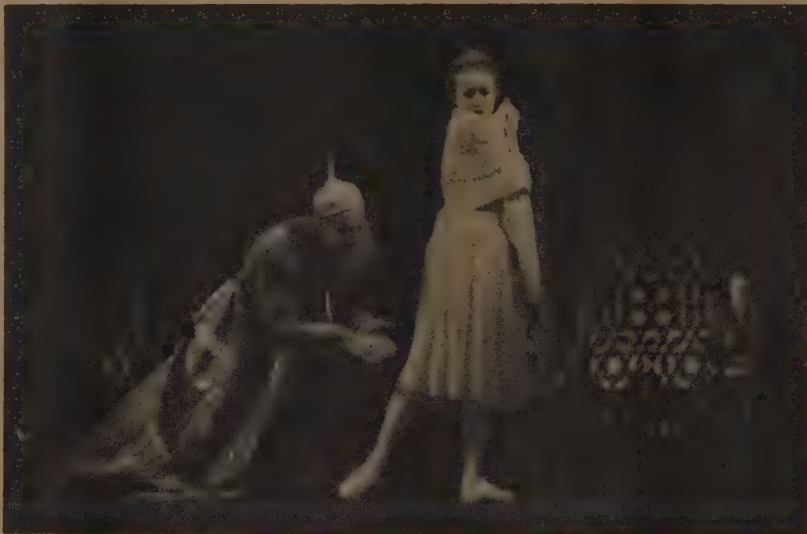
crests of great waves. Finally, driven mad by the death of his betrothed, the hero is haunted by projected visions of the imposing equestrian statue of Peter which still stands in the centre of Leningrad. The child in one may cheer all this, but it is not really ballet as we know it.

There is, however, something of the child in all Russians, and the love spectacle on the stage. This, no doubt, is why it is always extraordinarily well managed. London has had a glimpse of it in 'Bakhchisarai', the fire which destroys the palace at the end of Act 1. But the Bolshoi can manage a much bigger fire than that! In 'Shurale', another Russian folk ballet, a whole forest is destroyed in a blaze realistically contrived that it seems as though it must surely engulf the whole theatre.

I have left to the last one other ballet which we know, 'Casse Noisette'. On May 1 each year this is danced in its entirety—three acts—by a cast drawn from the Bolshoi's own ballet school. I visited this more than once. Here, where Carlo Blasis was a teacher and Massine a pupil, are preserved the great classical traditions of nineteenth-century Russian ballet, of the time of Perrot and Petipa. The annual performance of 'Casse Noisette' enables one to admire the

school's work: students in their last year, the Bolshoi's ballerinas tomorrow, sustain the principal roles with an astonishing degree of achievement; while those in the earlier terms of the nine years' course have the opportunity to appear before an audience as the children in this fairy tale.

I have mentioned in the same breath both Massine and the Russian ballet tradition. I must therefore add, as London now knows, that the Russian ballet of today owes little to Diaghilev and the who worked for him—Massine himself, Fokine, Stravinsky, Bakst, and Benois. Their achievements, to which ballet western Europe owes much, began at the Mariinsky Theatre in



Galina Ulanova as Maria with Pyotr Gushev as Khan Girei in 'The Fountain of Bakhchisarai' at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow

Petersburg at the turn of this century. But when, after the revolution they went into exile, the U.S.S.R. decided that theirs were the best developments of the art. When the capital was transferred to Moscow, the Bolshoi became the premier ballet company; and it preferred the classical tradition, plus choreography derived from the national dances of the various parts of Russia, as in 'Bakhchisarai'. So, to name the two ballets, it is many years since either 'Petrouchka' or 'Firebird' was danced in Russia.

A word about the Bolshoi's principal dancers: Ulanova, Struchkov and Yuri Zhdanov—to name but three—have come to London, but my two years in Moscow I saw many more. I am especially sorry that the beautiful Plesetskaya has not come to Covent Garden. She is the Bolshoi's best Odette-Odile; superb, too, as the jealous avenger Zarema in 'Bakhchisarai', as good in Fokine's 'Dying Swan'. There is also Lepechinskaya, whose gamine personality is so suited to 'Cinderella', to 'Don Quixote', and 'Fadetta'. Amongst male dancers there is the powerful, very masculine Preobrazhensky, and there are others too numerous to name. If their choreographic range sometimes appears limited, it is for a good reason. Russians expect of ballet more than virtuoso dancing; the story must make its dramatic impact. In this, strong mime is necessary, at which Russian dancers excel. In fact, Soviet ballet is not Russian ballet as we knew it in London thirty years ago, nor ballet as it has since developed in Europe. It is better described as dance-drama—and in my view it is much better 'theatre' for being so.

We are more than grateful that the Bolshoi ballet company has honoured London with its first performances outside Russia in the years of its history. We all want to see more of their ballets and more of their dancers. So may they visit London again very soon.—Home Secretary



# Nuptials of the East and West

By SACHEVERELL SITWELL

DAMASCUS, one is told, is the oldest inhabited city in the world. I have to say that the first view of it is more than a little disappointing. There is a terrace, with Arab *cafés*, from which you look down on the town, but it cannot compare with looking down on Fez, with its old walls, white houses climbing up and down on hills, green minarets, and flat roofs where women in bright dresses take the sunset air. It does not compare with the spectacle of Marrakesh, a huge African city in an oasis of date-palms, or even with the green-tiled roofs of Meknes. But the Arab music from the *cafés* is persistent. There are mosques, down below, with Turkish minarets that are shaped like needles, and we see roads leading for miles straight out of Damascus to Aleppo, to Jerusalem, and back over the desert to Baghdad. All round lie the orchards of the plain, or Ghuta, where we will go in the evening, a living paradise in these parched lands, with its little running streams, where the walnut trees are in leaf, the apricots were in blossom only a week or so ago, and pomegranates are in flower.

What is marvellous in Damascus is the great Mosque of the Ommayyades, and it grows the more wonderful with every step you get nearer to it. For the way leads through the bazaar, or *souk*. Here you have humanity as you may never hope to see it again. One wonders in astonishment where they all come from, for there is little sign of them in the modern town. There are Druses from the mountains in white turbans of peculiar shape. With their beards and fine aquiline noses, and from the way they sit or stand, they call

We dive into a dark alley, like a tunnel, hung from end to end with tinselled slippers, emerging from that into the goldsmith's *souk* where we are jostled by veiled women. Arabs in black or brown burnouses with corded head-dresses wander along, holding each other by the hand. Here are more women in white sheets, cowed like nuns, and with frilled pantaloons showing above their slippers. Arabs from other villages have black and white tartan headcloths trailing over their shoulders, and there are women of a particular group of villages in apricot-coloured mantles with black stripes. All and every sort of baggy trouser is to be admired. There are fezzes and turbans, and now and again a mullah in black head-dress, bearded, and leaning on his walking-stick. All in the striped sunlight, and we look up and notice that the roof is made, incongruously, of corrugated iron.

And, now, a magnificent contrast, for as we come to the main entrance to the mosque a white and classical vision of cornice and architrave carved in stone with leaves and garlands hangs above us, of Greco-Roman architecture, either a Roman temple, or part of the church of Theodosius I which stood upon the site. This relic of Roman splendour is of wonderful effect, traversing the centuries as though nothing lay between. It brings to that oriental scene a touch of the Venetian Renaissance and of Palladio.

And now for the interior of the Mosque of the Ommayyades, which entails the tying on of slippers, or *babouches*, over our shoes. The court is great and glorious beyond words, with two-storeyed arcades round it, but we must turn and look up immediately above us, for here are the mosaics recently uncovered under the plaster. There is nothing else like them. They are unique. The Greek craftsmen of the eighth century working to the Caliph's orders could not make use of the human figure. There are no



The courtyard of the Ommayyades mosque, Damascus, and (left) one of the mosque's eighth-century mosaics

for a painter of the stature of Carpaccio all to themselves. And now at your elbow there is a group of Bedouin women, more picturesque than any gipsies, with earrings and necklaces of golden coins, dressed in smoky black as though dyed in their own camp fires, with undergarments showing of smouldering, then flaming, scarlet or green, and all with tribal tattoo marks in light blue or purple on their tawny faces.

At this moment a motor, hooting loudly, comes down the middle of the street pushing pedestrians on to the pavement.

saints, or soldiers, or Virgins. Instead, the mosaics are an architectural fantasy of bridges and kiosks and pavilions, and villages or individual houses built on rocks or crags, all in an umbrageous valley of plane trees and date palms which may, perhaps, portray the surrounding plain or Ghuta of Damascus. A certain bridge in the mosaic has been taken for the bridge over the river Barada, the 'golden stream' or Chrysorroas of the Greeks, a bridge with shops and houses on it, like old London Bridge or the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. What is fascinating in the mosaic is the purposeful foreshortening and distortion, a proof of centuries of experience behind the craftsmen.

What one beholds is a vision of classical building twelve centuries later than the Parthenon, after architecture had gone through phases which are paralleled in Vanbrugh, in Bernini, and in Borromini. One is looking at echoes of great classical-oriental towns like Ephesus or Antioch. When we read that Antioch had streets of columns with double colonnades, one of them four miles long and crossing the city from east to west, that Diocletian built a gigantic palace on an island in the Orontes connected with the rest of Antioch by five bridges,





and that the Chinese had commercial relations with the town which they regarded as the capital of the Roman world, I believe we know the true derivation of the kiosks and pavilions in the mosaics of Damascus.

The mosque, itself, still shows clear evidence of the Christian basilica of the Emperor Theodosius with its four rows of Corinthian columns that form a nave and aisles. There are rugs and carpets in profusion, on which oriental figures are sitting or lying in magnificent abandon

after Damascus. I am remembering the terrace or raised platform of the Haram-es-Sherif, which surrounds the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem. Perhaps this is the most sacred place in the world, to Moslem, Jew, and Christian alike. The Acropolis at Athens is the only other place in the world with so much attached to it of the human spirit; but this is more sacred and, I would add, still more beautiful. There are, I think, eight flights of steps all round leading to the terrace, each with its screen or portico at the top, arcades of a marvellous grace and lightness, and several *sebils* or fountains for ablution, one of them with a melon-dome in Mameluk style, veined and netted like a melon, as are the Tomb of the Caliphs in the desert outside Cairo. Wherever you look are Saracenic buildings in this style which could be called the Gothic of the Orient, and in the midst of this a domed octagon, the Dome of the Rock, or mosque of Omar, beyond doubt one of the wonders of the world. I have to say, in sorrow, that it is more beautiful than St. Mark's in Venice, for till I had seen the Dome of the Rock I thought St. Mark's was the most lovely building in the world.

It was built for the Moslems in the eighth century, almost certainly by Greek architects, but the Crusaders when they reached Jerusalem mistook it for the original Temple of Solomon, which stood on the same site. Its octagonal structure, invested with a mystical meaning and importance which it deserves on the score of its beauty alone, inspired the Knights Templar to build their churches on this pattern in England and elsewhere. Moreover, as a symbol of perfection and proportion and poetry it appears in a fresco by Perugino in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican and, above all, in Raphael's famous painting of the 'Sposalizio' or 'Nuptials of the Virgin' in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

The interior of the Dome of the Rock is grand and impressive beyond words. But one could no more describe it in a sentence than one can the interior of

St. Mark's. Its form of an octagon holds the attention more than do those flights and returns of the Gothic with their aisles and clerestories and their chantries and Lady chapels. It is a more rhythmical, a more planned and contained poetry, and with a deeper mystery to it. The Dome of the Rock is, in fact, the 'Sposalizio' or 'Nuptials of the East and West'; and nowhere else in the world, not even in St. Mark's in Venice, are Orient and Occident indissoluble and one. It is the most sacred and holy building that I have ever seen, not belonging to one faith but to all religions worth the name. And in the same breath not a mosque or church at all, but a building made holy by history and poetry alone. Coming out of the Dome of the Rock back into the world again, there is the little decagonal, domed structure beside it, of sonnet-like perfection of shape, and below the steps, the mosque of El Aksa, making all in all with the arcades and fountains a spiritual as well as architectural experience one will never know again.—*Third Programme*



The mosque of Sultan Selim, Damascus

with all their lives in front of them and nothing else to do. There can be no mosque more venerable than the Ommayyades at Damascus, in the knowledge that its Caliphs were rulers of half the known world as far as distant Cordova in Spain. You are in the heart and centre of Islam. The full extent of it in the other direction towards the east is apparent when you remember that Tamerlane, taking Damascus in 1400, carried off its renowned swordsmiths and armourers and established them at Samarcand.

There is one other building of great tranquillity and beauty in Damascus, the mosque of Sultan Selim, entirely in Turkish style, the work, I would say, for I do not know for certain, of Sinan, the architect who built the mosques that make so magnificent and unforgettable a spectacle against the skyline at Istanbul as you arrive by sea. Sinan is one of the great architects of the world, it is certain; a mysterious personage, a Janissary and military engineer by training, no one knows of what nation, Greek, or Albanian, or Armenian, who built more than a hundred mosques all over Turkey between his fiftieth and his ninetieth year, and who in his capacity as a figure of the Renaissance had correspondence with the painter Titian. The mosque of Sultan Selim has what I would describe as a divinity of rest and repose from worry in the oriental mood. In these qualities Sinan, as he is seen at Istanbul, is supreme master and thaumaturge, or healer of the soul and spirit. He achieves this in the middle of noisy Damascus by simple means, an open cloister of arches, a prayer chamber like an open pavilion, a fountain for ablutions, and his usual multitude of little domes. As you walk under the cypresses, longing to stay and rest awhile, you know how and why Turkey slumbered on the Bosphorus for so many hundreds of years.

And now, delayed in the mosque of Sultan Selim as was its purpose and object, there is little time for anything more. For this part of the world is full of wonders and there is much to say. But Jerusalem comes naturally to mind



The Dome of the Rock and the platform of the Haram-es-Sherif, Jerusalem

A. P. Kerist



Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

**W**ILLIAM SCOTT'S exhibition which continues at the Hanover Gallery until October 26 contains paintings of still life and nudes, some very large charcoal drawings, and half a dozen pieces of sculpture. The sculpture throws much light on Scott's painting, especially certain oblong torsos only a few inches thick, the fronts of which are worked into shallow hollows and mounds. The picture 'Standing Nude' (No. 11) is very close to these sculptures indeed; not that it is a picture of the sculpture, nor a study for it; it is an exactly equivalent work. Having noticed this, one

realises how fully and maturely Scott is absorbed by a single passion, his passion for the plastic reality of the surface of the things he makes. It is (or so it seems to the on-looker) as though he wished above all to make the flatness of his pictures thick and heavy and dense and to concentrate all his resources round this intention. It is to this end that he evolves his simple designs; their monumental quasi-primitive frontality and rich and sonorous colour. It is a mysterious achievement, this modelling of the surface of the picture, and I know that to draw attention to it may seem an unnecessary red herring. I do so because it seems to me to be at the centre of the beauty of these pictures and because I think that in pursuing it Scott has been able to find a state, passionate yet detached, where he is the whole master of both his private humour and the public sources of his style.

Scott has never concealed his debt to other artists and he has always used fashionable shapes: one supposes that De Stael, Dubuffet, de Kooning, Paolozzi have all contributed to these pictures. And yet as never before these borrowings are detached and freely made so that repeated formulae that would have been insufferable in a smaller, less concentrated artist are here grand. And so also that left-handed humour that has always been in his pictures and that blossoms here with the astounding nudes that lump about in high-heeled shoes, black stockings, and vests, is transformed and leaves them not as monuments of a whimsical bawdiness, figures from a painted 'Milk Wood', but weighty and serious.

Handling of the paint of course plays an enormous part in the life of Scott's pictures. Vigorous, its effect is still; continually varied, it presents a single and unified face of infinite strength, as inalienably part of the mass behind as the surface of a rock. One cannot help contrasting it with the handling of another artist, Alan Davie, who is sharing a show at Gimpel Fils with Peter Potworowski. This comparison is invited in particular between Davie's main picture, 'Priest of the Red Temple', and Scott's 'Figure and Still Life': there is a superficial resemblance of format between them which underlines the difference. Davie's canvas, it seems, is a by-product, given to us almost in contempt of our interest, the ash of an act. Scott's is deeply aesthetic, the beloved product of repeated choice and selection. Where Scott builds and models, Davie's handling is entirely graphic; he chases skeins of paint across the canvas and each rapid movement is cut dead as it is achieved. Elsewhere he works up a broken field of paint within which isolated signs, arrows, wheels, are fixed. The picture is cold, as though it had been laid waste

by the very shudder that had brought it into existence; and its surface is nerveless even though there are written across it with tearing virtuosity the vivid signs of nerve, energy, and life. Davie is as close to American art as Scott is to French. Is the difference between the two an emotional watershed between European art and the new language of American art?

To the two painters already noticed the act of painting is everything. To John Hultberg at the Institute of Contemporary Arts and to Merlyn Evans at Whitechapel the act is an unimportant means to an end. This

is particularly surprising in the case of Hultberg, an American who studied at one time under Clifford Still and Mark Rothko. In fact Hultberg is more like a certain type of English artist in that he attempts to illustrate a clearly visualised imaginary world and to impart upon this illustration a sort of impersonal objectivity. The world he supposes is indeed a romantic one, a world of desolate quays and floodlit hutments, perspectives, and expanses of the American desert. Attempting at this late day something like the mystery of a Chirico, his pictures are extremely dull. They lack the one necessity of imaginative painting: that fantasy and action should be simultaneously engaged.

Merlyn Evans' retrospective exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery includes some 130 works dating from 1927. From the outset he has been



'Figure and Still Life', by William Scott: from the exhibition at the Hanover Gallery

following a cubist-abstract path, drawn towards anything in art or nature that was spiky, hard, sharp. He has worked a lot in tempera and has engraved, and both techniques have planted their characteristics upon his style. He builds his abstract forms into groups and handles them as though they were people or forces in the manner of the Surrealists. Since the mid-thirties he has presented them didactically to express general ideas about the state of the world. In the 'Trial' (1949) the abstracted forms of jaws, hawks, coffins, flames are combined in a gruesome perspective, and a row of faceless figures stands embedded in a shadowy block like the chorus of some political drama of twenty years ago. Evans' latest works, oils, are more diffused in form and content; they deal with Forces rather than with Judges, Victims, etc.

Evans is not the only artist to have mistaken modern art for the apotheosis of caricature. Unfortunately, unlike caricatures his pictures do not have specific targets. Because of this their effect is to my eye stuffy, like Victorian pressed flowers or Japanese gardens, little isolated objects living a pretended life of their own, suggested microcosms that lead to no larger view. This is extraordinary when one considers the profound and obvious humanitarian emotion in the artist. I do not believe that the difference between what he intends and what he achieves is owing to a disparity between forms and ideas; on the contrary, his forms seem to me exactly expressive. His failure lies rather in a misunderstanding of the way in which a modern picture conveys its meaning. Why is it that a Matisse nude, a Giacometti interior, a de Stael move us in a profound and general sense? Simply that they teach us more intensely to value the world. Their effect is always positive and always oblique, so that however modest the picture may be it strengthens us to criticise everything that it is not.



# Government Privilege and the Rule of Law

By C. J. HAMSON

THE House of Lords decided the other day by a majority that in this country the established Courts of Law were powerless in an action against a ministry to enquire into an allegation even of fraud, corruption, and bad faith made by the plaintiff: upon the ground, in that case, that the Minister had issued a confirming order and that that order, in the circumstances which had occurred, had by reason of certain statutory provisions become conclusive. Fortunately it is not my business to enquire into the process by which the majority managed to reach its conclusion, but merely to record the fact of the decision. That fact should, I think, be recorded; for it may seem idle when the courts' jurisdiction is, with the courts' consent, being ousted upon this really thorough-going scale, to examine another case of Crown privilege which tends to oust the jurisdiction of the courts to an extent which, in comparison, is relatively minor, though of course quite as apt, in the relevant action, to give the like appearance that justice is being denied.

Has it become quite idle to comment upon the legal privileges and immunities of English government departments? For my part, I think it would be wrong to acquiesce in such a view: it seems to me of great importance to continue to insist that there is nothing in the nature of things, and of the administrative act in particular, which compels us to tolerate the immunities from legal process with which the civil servant, including the most menial servant in the industrial employment of a department, has in this country been surrounded—the French example is absolutely conclusive of the contrary—and to continue to call attention to the development of particular immunities and more especially to any attempted public justification of those immunities.

## A Right of Government Departments

The immunity I discuss is the privilege—as it is called, of the Crown: as it in practice occurs, of government departments—to withhold from the courts documents which a private litigant in the position of the department would be compelled to disclose by a process called discovery. It is topical because some notorious instances recently came before the courts and the judges felt entitled to make such adverse comment upon the manner in which the privilege was being claimed that the Lord Chancellor was led to make a statement in the House of Lords last June.<sup>2</sup> This statement was made by the Lord Chancellor in his political and not in his judicial capacity, in answer to a question by Earl Jowitt on the policy of the government in claiming privilege. As a government statement, it is *ex parte*; it invites and deserves the kind of criticism appropriate to statements in the elaboration of which the government departments concerned, the interested parties, have no doubt had a considerable part to play. Moreover a recent appeal<sup>3</sup> from Scotland has shown that the privilege does not operate in Scotland with all the rigour with which it functions in England—the courts there have, at least in cases when the privilege is manifestly being abused, a residual power to overrule the claim which the English courts do not possess; and the juxtaposition of a different rule in so near a jurisdiction invites a wider consideration.

Like almost every other rule of law, the rule that the Crown can withhold a document even from the courts cannot be regarded as wholly wrong or wholly right: as in almost every other case it is a matter of finding a reasonable balance between two conflicting interests. On the one hand, there may be a real public interest in the maintenance of secrecy—to take an example, in time of war, with regard to the details of the construction of a submarine: which was the situation in *Duncan v. Cammell Laird and Co. Ltd.*<sup>4</sup> where the widow of a person drowned in the *Thetis* disaster sought to obtain damages. Here the Admiralty intervened in litigation between subjects and claimed privilege in respect of various plans and letters lawfully in the possession of the defendants, the builders of the submarine, which otherwise they might have been compelled to disclose. Almost everybody I think would agree that the Admiralty not only should be entitled so to intervene but was in duty bound to do so: the public interest in secrecy in my opinion

completely overwhelmed the private right to compensation for what may have been negligence. But please note that here the actual documents in respect of which privilege was claimed contained information the publication of which clearly endangered the public safety. Moreover the Admiralty was not the defendant; it was not seeking to justify some practice of its own; it could reasonably be regarded in this instance as a more or less impartial judge of what the public interest required. And finally it may also be noted that the court itself, if asked to do so, would without doubt have ordered the documents in this case not to be disclosed.

## 'Class Privilege Run Mad'

A rule, therefore, which permits or requires the Crown to claim privilege in the circumstances of *Duncan's* case is evidently a proper rule. But the rule is certainly not limited to those circumstances. The misfortune is that Viscount Simon when stating the rule in *Duncan's* case stated it in extremely wide terms. He held that a document need not be produced not only where, as in *Duncan's* case, the revelation of the contents of that actual document would endanger the public safety but where the document, though 'innocuous in itself, 'belongs to a class which, on grounds of public interest, must as a class be withheld from production'<sup>5</sup> and he went so far as to approve of the Minister withholding production of a document innocuous in itself 'where the practice of keeping a class of documents secret is necessary for the proper functioning of the public service'.<sup>6</sup> And, finally, dissenting from some previous authority he constituted the Minister (which in practice means his advisers), even where the Minister is the defendant the sole and unexaminable judge of what is or is not necessary for the proper functioning of the public service in his department. Human nature being what it is, since *Duncan's* case there has been a monotonous claim of privilege in respect of most unlikely documents upon the ground that in the Minister's opinion they belong to a class whose secrecy is necessary for the proper functioning of his department, even when those documents have already been published in the public press. Indeed upon the ground that there is 'need to secure freedom and candour of communication with and within the public service' ever document composed by or for the use of a civil servant in the largest sense becomes a privileged document, irrespective of its contents or of any further specification. This, I venture to believe, is class privilege run mad.

The Lord Chancellor, in his very careful statement, said that there has not been 'any extension of the principles on which privilege is claimed'. Perhaps that is true, but I doubt that that is the whole truth. If the principles are old, they have now been so reformulated as to be capable of embracing every civil servant document, if I may use this term to include the chit of a lorry driver employed by the Ministry of Supply, whereas it would seem to have been the case in the past that the privileged class of document was regarded as a limited sub-class of the whole of that mass. Again, as a matter of balance, it may well be that a claim of privilege can reasonably be established for classes of documents if the classes are defined. It is arguable that there are cases of specially confidential communication between departments, or between members of a department, or to a department, in which a special privilege of non-disclosure should attach. But it is not clear that for a special privilege a special reason should be required. And if a special reason is required, should not that reason be one capable of being justified?

## The Minister as Judge in His Own Cause

Unless every civil servant document is to be privileged, surely the reasonable rule would be that a Minister claiming privilege should allege some specific reason why a document should be privileged at where the reason is not self-evidently a sufficient one, falling within a clear category such as that in *Duncan's* case, the justification of its sufficiency should be upon the Minister, with the impartial court

1. *Smith v. East Elloe R.D.C.* [1956] 2 W.L.R. 888

2. 6 June 1956. *Weekly Hansard H.L.* Vol. 197 col. 741ff.

3. *Glasgow Corporation v. Central Land Board* (1956) S.L.T. 41 (H.L.)

4. [1942] A.C. 624

5. page 636

6. page 642



judge of the justification made. It really is extremely unlikely that the court should refuse to allow any legitimate claim of privilege, and surely it is desirable that a Minister should claim, and should manifestly appear to claim, only legitimate privilege for his department. Under our existing system, the Minister has been made judge in his own cause; he has been allowed to claim privilege for so broad a category of documents as to include every document made by or for his department; and he has in fact claimed privilege in respect of documents which in the opinion of the Court of Appeal were clearly outside the class requiring protection however generously that class might be constructed.

The Lord Chancellor in his statement did not propose any radical alteration; and he specifically rejected the suggestion, which had also been made by the Bar Council, that the court should be judge of the sufficiency of the claim of privilege. It is proposed that the Minister should continue to be judge in his own cause and to be entitled to claim privilege on the unlimited and illimitable ground that secrecy is necessary to the proper functioning of the public service. But as a concession and as a matter of favour and grace the government proposes that Ministers should be asked no longer to claim privilege in certain limited types of case—namely accident cases and some actions for negligence where the department or an employee of the department is the defendant—in respect of a limited number of documents, namely reports of the employees involved and other eye-witnesses, reports of persons such as foremen 'as to such matters as the state of the machinery, premises or vehicle involved in the accident', and medical reports and records. A concession is also made in respect of statements to the police and, to an especially limited extent, in contract cases. The astonishing degree to which government privilege presently extends in England is perhaps best judged by the need felt tentatively to exempt from that privilege documents which I suppose no reasonable man could have believed possibly to fall within the privilege however largely construed. And as regards all other civil servant documents, the Lord Chancellor's statement is of itself sufficient notice that privilege will continue to be claimed as in the most recent past.

### Immense Shroud of Secrecy

Is it really in the public interest that the activity of a government department should be thus protected by a shroud of secrecy of this immensity and to this extent impenetrable by the court? Perhaps that question may be answered by the asking of another. Was it in the public interest that the Crichton Down inquiry should have been held? Had the inquiry been an action at law, all the relevant documents and evidence in that case would have been entirely covered by the privilege we have been discussing. It must of course be most upsetting to a government department's routine to have that routine subjected to the probings which result from a cross-examination based upon adequate materials. If the government department's convenience is the test of public interest, any such disturbance is evidently contrary to the public interest. But is it wholly unreasonable to suggest that, when a government department behaves as the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries was there shown to have behaved, it may well be in the public interest to put a term to that behaviour and to allow some remedy to the subject aggrieved by such conduct? Or are we to be asked to believe that the behaviour of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries was utterly singular in Commander Marten's case and that neither it nor any other government department has ever in the past so behaved in respect of any other person, nor ever will in the future? Or is it no longer a public interest that justice should both be done and manifestly be seen to have been done?

We may also notice how curiously capricious is the public interest which is claimed on behalf of government departments. The reason alleged for the privilege is 'the need to secure freedom and candour of communication with and within the public service, so that government decisions can be taken on the best advice and with the fullest information'. Is it only within government departments that candour of communication is in the public interest and requires special privilege? The Lord Chancellor in his statement denied that a fair analogy existed between a government department and a great commercial corporation. The grounds of that denial may not seem to all unquestionable. But even if we put large-scale commercial enterprises aside, is it not in the public interest that the nationalised industries, the Coal Board, the Railway Executive, the Gas and Electricity Boards, and the rest of them, should also reach their critical decisions on the best advice and with the fullest information? If to obtain that advice and information

it really is essential to have the privilege which is claimed as essential for government departments, is not the Government incredibly neglectful of the public interest in neglecting to extend to the nationalised industries the privilege essential to their proper functioning? May we not ask what is the nature of this criterion which decides that the privilege is essential upon the one side and unnecessary upon the other?

### Practice in the French Courts

If we remove ourselves a little from the English scene and look at it in comparison with others, the privilege claimed for our government departments takes on an even odder appearance. The French courts, which are certainly not unmindful of the legitimate claims of the administration—indeed Dicey, it will be remembered, believed that they were altogether too mindful of them—the French courts have refused any such privilege to French ministries. The process of a French court is different from ours. It does not order and refuse discovery, as we do, at the inception of a case. It takes note of the exchange of arguments between the subject and the administration and may decide upon whom the burden of proof lies at what we would regard as an advanced stage of the trial. But it has the power, if it sees fit, to require the department concerned to produce all those documents which it, the court, considers in the circumstances to be relevant to the case before it.

It does not exercise this power by absolute command to produce: the request is conditional. The court states that unless the relevant files and documents are produced by the Minister and his case established by them, judgement will be given for the plaintiff—that is to say, a refusal to produce will be conclusive against the Minister, whereas in England a successful claim of privilege in no way prejudices the Minister's defence. Before issuing such a request the court will attend to any representation made by the Minister or on his behalf; but it is regarded in France as the minimum guarantee of the effective judicial control of the Executive that the court should have the power of specifying the documents or class of documents which it regards as relevant and requiring, at least conditionally, their production. This power was recently exercised in a spectacular manner in an action which caused a considerable stir when the Conseil d'Etat quashed the order of a Minister excluding a candidate from the Civil Service examination;<sup>7</sup> and it is undoubtedly well established by the French case law.

What is particularly chastening to an English lawyer is to appreciate that the French lawyer claims, I think rightly, that if the court does not have this power the government department is to be considered as beyond the court's jurisdiction and that the court is driven to recognise the plea of Act of State, *acte de gouvernement*, which in his eyes is a negation of the minimum requirement of what he calls *légalité*. It is certainly an odd state of things that a French lawyer should have, by comparison with the conduct of his own courts, grave reason to ask whether the practice of the English courts in the case of government departments is such that it can be said to secure what he, the French lawyer, would recognise as a rule of law.—*Third Programme*

## Seasons

Who can escape the season each is born to,  
Or change it at the calendar's command?  
My hair is coloured leaves of Autumn branches,  
And from my lungs chrysanthemums breathe out  
The scent of many questions, and the weight  
Of moongrown fruit my orchard shoulder bows.

Through Spring, incongruously, and through Summer,  
Singing my one unaltering time I go;  
But when I meet you in a formal setting,  
Or on your wagon steps in gypsy lanes,  
With rich fields glowing in your sunbrowned fingers,  
Then, mortal goddess, who has borne in Spring  
The fruit that nothing but the sun can ripen,  
I, the descending moon at harvest, worship,  
Hung between grief and joy, the earth you are.

I. R. ORTON



# NEWS DIARY

October 10-16

## Wednesday, October 10

The Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, and Egypt discuss the Suez Canal situation in private in New York

The Minister of Housing and Local Government states that the Government hopes to announce results of its review of local government finance at the end of the year

The Government rejects a request from farmers for a special review of agricultural prices because of increased farm wages and the poor summer

## Thursday, October 11

The Conservative Party conference opens in Llandudno

President Eisenhower discusses in Washington reported differences between the United States and Britain and France over the Suez Canal

Security forces in Cyprus capture over thirty terrorists in the Kyrenia mountains

## Friday, October 12

British Government asks the United Nations to discuss the support given by Greece to the terrorists in Cyprus

Sentences of up to six years' imprisonment are imposed for offences committed during the Poznan riots in Poland

## Saturday, October 13

Prime Minister defends his policy over the Suez Canal in speech at Llandudno

Anglo-French resolution on the Suez Canal is approved by nine out of eleven members of the Security Council but is vetoed by Russia

Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, protests to Britain about the disturbances in Hong Kong

## Sunday, October 14

The Israeli Cabinet expresses concern at a 'threat by the British Foreign Office' that Britain would invoke her treaty with Jordan if Israel opposed stationing of Iraqi troops in Jordan

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd states in New York that Britain and France had done their best to achieve a peaceful solution of the Suez Canal question but had been vetoed on an essential point

## Monday, October 15

Prime Minister of Israel addresses Knesset on relations with Jordan. It is announced in Amman that Iraqi forces are not to enter Jordan at present

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves on world tour

## Tuesday, October 16

The Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary visit Paris to discuss situation following meeting of Security Council on Suez Canal

The Queen opens Daer valley scheme in Scotland

Director-General of B.B.C. replies to criticisms of Corporation finance by Public Accounts Committee



Princess Margaret walking between a kneeling guard of honour formed by Wagogo warriors when she attended a gathering of 40,000 tribesmen at Tabora (a former slave-trading centre) in Tanganyika last weekend



Mr. Hugh Barr of Londonderry, Northern Ireland, competing on Saturday, the last day of the world ploughing championships at Shillingford, Oxfordshire, to win the title for the third successive year. A cairn, surmounted by a model of the Golden Plough trophy, was unveiled on the ground by the Duke of Gloucester



Free wine being distributed in the Italian town of Marigliano

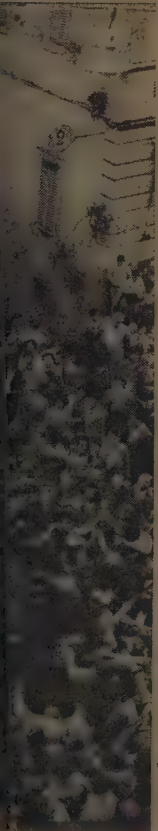




...n who attended the *baraza* at Tabora wearing a headdress surmounted by a kettle. One of the occasions was a mock battle which was the Wagogo warriors to greet the arrival of Princess Margaret.



A street scene in Kowloon, Hong Kong, during the riots there last week between Communist and Nationalist Chinese. The trouble started in the refugee resettlement area on October 10 during celebrations by pro-Nationalists of the 'Double Tenth' (their national day). In three days about forty-five people were killed and 350 injured (including eleven Europeans); 3,000 arrests have been made.



...the central square  
...out Festival of the



Miss Dawn Palethorpe on 'Holywell Surprise' winning the *Country Life* Cup in the 'Horse of the Year' Show at Harringay last Saturday. She was also awarded the Harringay Spurs for gaining the greatest number of points in the international competitions in the show on two horses.



An Italian archaeologist looking at the petrified body of a man recently discovered during excavations at Pompeii. The man lies as he fell when the city was engulfed by lava from the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79.



Right: a black crane chick recently hatched out at the London Zoo. The black crane (from West Africa) has exceptionally large feet to enable it to walk over floating vegetation and marshland.



# Autumn Work in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

AS soon as the beds and borders have been cleared of the summer-flowering plants there is the job of planting wallflowers, polyanthus, forget-me-nots, winter-flowering pansies and others for spring flowering. Polyanthus, in particular, are better if they can be planted as early as possible in October; they have a chance to get established before the very bad weather begins. They are plants which like phosphate, and to be sure of having really fine polyanthus in the spring fork some bone meal into the soil before you plant; allow a good handful for each square yard; they will reap the benefit of it when they begin to flower in April and early May. I plant nine inches apart, and allow the same for wallflowers and winter-flowering pansies.

Wallflowers have made some fine big plants this season, but I would have preferred them to have been a little harder and more sturdy; when they are disturbed for planting no doubt the growth will harden. If the shoots remain soft, then they are more likely to be damaged by frost and cold winds. Each plant must be pressed really firmly into the soil, and the sooner we can plant them the better chance they will have to get established before the winter.

It is amazing how many people automatically plant tulips, daffodils, and other bulbs between wallflowers, polyanthus, and other spring-flowering plants. I consider that if wallflowers and other plants are well grown they are beautiful enough by themselves and do not need bulbs between them. It is true in the industrial areas wallflowers and forget-me-nots do not come through the winter too well, and bulbs

will, so it is a safeguard to plant bulbs between, but I am sure it is not necessary in other areas. I would far rather see daffodils planted in the grass, under trees and among the shrubs where they can be left undisturbed for years.

There is nothing more beautiful than daffodils and narcissi naturalised in grass. I do not mean to plant them on the lawn, that is certainly not the place for them, but under trees or in an orchard where the grass is not mown so closely as on the lawn. If bulbs are growing in the grass, then in fairness to them the grass should not be cut until June when the leaves of the bulbs have died down.

If you do intend planting bulbs in the grass, you can



Daffodils planted in grass, where they can be left undisturbed for years

buy a mixture of daffodils and narcissi specially for naturalising at a much cheaper rate, but do buy them from a reliable source. Scatter the bulbs over the grass and plant them where they fall; if three or four fall together plant them together, and you then get that natural drift effect. They must be planted four or five inches deep. I would not recommend planting tulips in grass, but snowdrops and crocuses most certainly, and one other is the snake's head lily, fritillaria; this is lovely when growing and flowering under the trees, and it is just as beautiful on the rock garden.

The grass has enjoyed the wet weather. During the last few weeks it has been difficult to keep the lawn mown; the grass has grown so rapidly and there have been a good many weekends when the grass and soil have been too wet to put the mower on it. From now on, the rate of growth should slow down,

and the mowing season will be finished for another year. Do not put the lawn mower away in the garden shed and forget it; it should be cleaned and oiled all over to prevent rusting, or, better still, send it away for the annual overhaul and sharpening. You then begin next season with the mower in good condition, and the mowing will be easier.

If we can spend a few hours on the lawn in this latter part of the month we shall see the benefit of what we do throughout the whole of next year. Moss has been growing with the grass and spreading rapidly during the wet weather, and this must not be left undisturbed, otherwise it will choke the grass. A hard raking will comb out a good deal of the moss and dead grass as well. A wire or spring rake is best for this, and you can buy one for twelve or thirteen shillings. It is also one of the best tools for raking up leaves.

After raking it is a good plan to prod the lawn all over with the fork, pushing the tines of the fork into the turf every four or six inches; this will help break the surface and allow the air to penetrate to the roots. I do not recommend putting too much fertiliser on at this time of the year, but a light top-dressing of fine soil will do the world of good. Spread the soil over when the grass is dry, push it about with the back of the rake and it will find its way down into the grass; it must never be left lying on top.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service



Snake's head lily



Wallflower 'Vulcan'





## the things they say!

*I.C.I. exported £71 million of products in 1955, I see.*

Yes, they've been doing well.

*How do they manage it, I wonder?*

One reason is that they've built up a sales organisation all over the world. Indeed, they have subsidiary companies in 42 countries, and agents in nearly all the rest.

*And what's the other reason?*

Well, foreigners have come to trust the quality of I.C.I. products and the technical service that goes with them.

*Is Britain, then, a force to be reckoned with in the chemical field?*

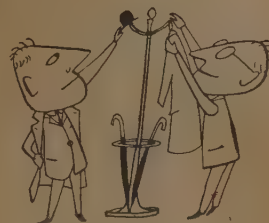
Yes. And high quality isn't the only reason. Thanks to our research workers, we in Britain now have hundreds of outstanding chemical products to sell to the world.

*Such as?*

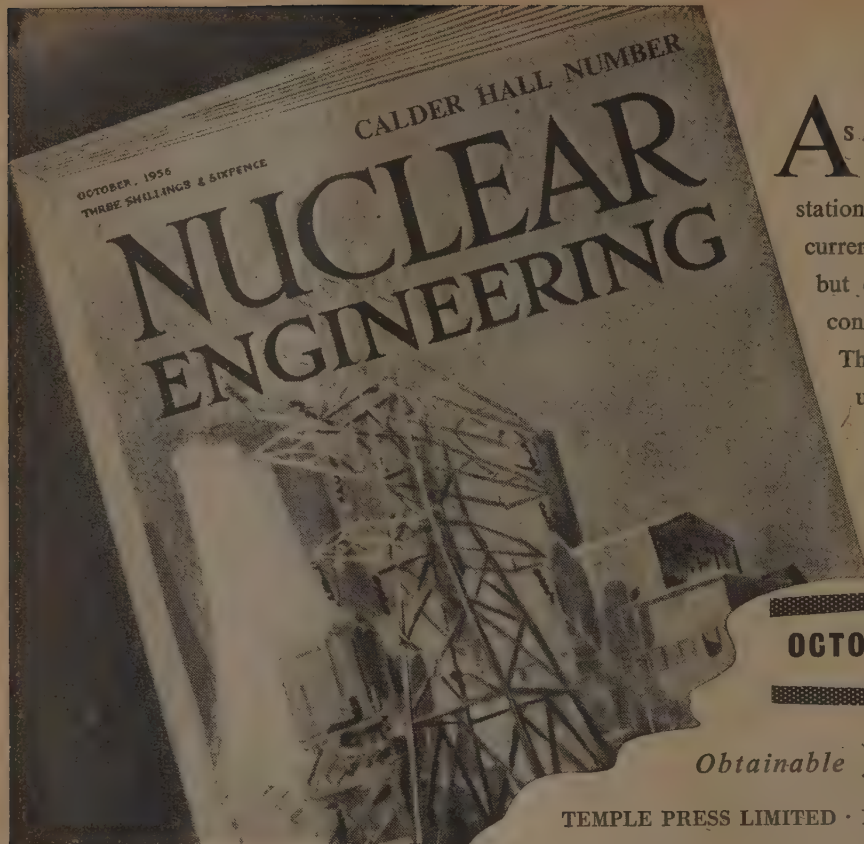
Polythene, for instance, and the powerful 'Gammexane' range of insecticides, brilliant new dyes like 'Alcian' Blue, and drugs like 'Paludrine' and 'Antrycide'. They're all I.C.I. discoveries, you know.

*And they're helping us in world markets?*

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# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## China Revisited

Sir,—In his letter published in THE LISTENER of October 11 Mr. Edwin Haward speaks of the mass executions, mob trials, and system of "thought reform" in Communist China. His point apparently is that the People's Government is as murderous and violent as was the Kuomintang, though not, he admits, as corrupt. Like Professor Forster's, Mr. Haward's direct experience of China centres on the year 1936—a fifth of a century ago.

Since China is involved in a great revolution in which she is seeking to make up a time-lag in development of some 300 years, it would be surprising if there had been no violence or bloodshed. That these have occurred is a fact to be lamented and in no way extenuated. But a careful enquiry reveals that many of the reports of the alleged crimes of the 'People's Government' originate with that rich and powerful agency, the 'China Lobby', whose headquarters is in the United States, and with other partisan quarters. It therefore behoves us to subject all reports of the kind to a most careful scrutiny.

For example, *Time* of March 5, 1956, published an article on 'the greatest planned massacre in history by Red China's Police Boss, Lo Jui-ching' in which it was stated that 20,000,000 persons had been *hsiao mieh*, namely deprived of existence, done away with, or otherwise disposed of' since the Communists came to power in China. Mr. Edgar Snow, in a letter to *Time* published in its issue of April 2, pointed out that *hsiao mieh* does not mean 'kill' or 'execute' but is a military term (in civil war so used politically) meaning to 'disperse', 'render harmless', 'drive off', 'render hors de combat', and that General Chiang Kai-shek used the same term over and over again to describe his own operations. The editorial comment was, *Time* clearly defined *hsiao mieh* as 'deprived of existence', "done away with or otherwise disposed of"; *hsiao mieh* means exactly what Mr. Snow said it did—no more and no less. Lord Lindsay in his recent book, *China and the Cold War*, mentions several friends of his who were reported to have been liquidated but who were later found to be still working quietly at their jobs. And many other instances are known to me personally. Never mind, who knows Chinese anyway?, and many thousands of trustworthy persons will have been infected with fresh hate for the unspeakable Communists.

The 'mob trials' (i.e., 'People's Courts') have been discontinued in China for some time. The elegance of British lawyers which visited China while I was there have reported favourably on the sincerity of the efforts made to administer justice with impartiality in spite of acknowledged shortcomings and handicaps. (The letters I have received since my broadcast talk have all confirmed my own impressions. One Quaker lady, who was in China at the same time that I was, vestigating the freedom of religion, wrote that her impressions coincided broadly with mine.) 'Thought reform', as experienced by Mr. Ford, is not to be defended and his resentment is very understandable. But Mr. Ford does not allege physical maltreatment, and surely 'thought reform' is not worse than the old-time tortures—even perhaps than some of the pressures exerted on prisoners in parts of the 'Free world'? In *Erewhon*, I remember, the methods

of the 'Straightener' the official charged with moral correction of the erring, are represented as a distinct advance on the punishments inflicted by the law in contemporary Britain.

I have other reasons, not mentioned in my talk, for thinking that the Kuomintang attitude was far more dangerous to world peace than that of the Communists. These are derived from my many years' experience in Malaya as Protector of Chinese when I was helping to fight the subversive influence of the Kuomintang and the Communists at the same time. The Kuomintang were out-and-out chauvinists who, basing their policy on Dr. Sun Yat-sen's First Principle of the People, 'Nationality', claimed in effect that 'Where Chinese happen to live, there also is China'. They attempted with the greatest effrontery to establish an *imperium in imperio* in every country in south-east Asia. The Communists, on the other hand, were committed by their doctrine to disregard 'race' and to appeal to the idea of the 'people' of the country as a whole. It may be argued that this was mere camouflage, but the fact is that it exercised a decidedly limiting effect on Communist activity. Those who have not read the unexpurgated edition of *China's Destiny*, by General Chiang Kai-shek, do not realise what the world was saved from by the defeat of the Kuomintang.

Finally, I am mystified as to why my old friend and colleague, Edwin Haward, should accuse me of smugness, over-confidence, of crowing over the fallen General, or (as a professional historian!) regarding history as 'bunk'. My sober and factual talk does not seem to me to betray these two vices, and, frankly, General Chiang, still saved by outside protection, is not yet quite as *victis* as I should like to see him in the interests of world peace. And why was my talk 'lyrical'? I dealt out my praise most judiciously—and, as I now think, somewhat parsimoniously—and there is nothing approaching a dithyramb in my deliberately conversational prose. As for 'ancient history', the moderation and achievement of Napoleon as First Consul do not excuse his excesses and failures as Emperor or justify the creation of another St. Helena (Formosa) myth.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

## 'The Dead Sea Scrolls'

Sir,—It seems to me worth while to comment on THE LISTENER's review of *The Dead Sea Scrolls* by Millar Burrows, though this appeared as long ago as the number of August 16. I realise that it must be difficult for an editor to know what to do with these books about the scrolls. The subject is a new one, and, even among Semitic scholars, not very many people have gone into it with any degree of thoroughness. The editor may not know who the experts are, and he will be likely to hand over the latest book to any professor or churchman who is supposed to have some knowledge of Hebrew. The results of this are sometimes fantastic. The reviewer may be quite incompetent but he will be able to intimidate the reader, for whom the whole field of Hebrew is almost certain to seem remote and abstruse, by a few learned-sounding references which may actually mean nothing at all. THE LISTENER's review of Dr. Burrows' book is so far the outstanding example of this.

It is almost all nonsense from beginning to end.

This review consists of six paragraphs, only one of which, the third, really deals with the book to be reviewed. This paragraph gives a bare summary of its contents.

For the rest, paragraph one makes a comparison unfavourable to me between Dr. Burrows' full-length study and my brief popular book on the scrolls. The latter, your reviewer says, 'was marred by unfortunate attempts to sensationalise some of the texts, particularly the St. Mark's copy of the Isaiah Scroll. His smattering of Hebrew formed but a slender foundation for dealing with the textual problems of the so-called Christological passages in Isaiah'. What were these attempts at sensationalism for which my resources were inadequate? Simply a reference to Dr. W. H. Brownlee's paper—in the Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research, 132—on the new reading given in the St. Mark's Isaiah of 52.11, in which he suggests that the slightly different group of characters should be read as a form of the verb *anoint*, so as to give the sense 'I so anointed his appearance', instead of the rather unintelligible, 'His visage was so marred' of the Masoretic text. This, he points out, would correspond with the 'So shall he sprinkle many nations' at the beginning of the following verse.

In paragraph two, your reviewer asserts that the American scholars, of whom Dr. Burrows was one, who published the St. Mark's Isaiah 'arbitrarily ignored the distinction between the final and the initial or medial *mem* (the letter "m"), blissfully unaware how vital that was in assessing the age of the manuscript'. This statement makes no sense whatever. The editors of the publication in question—*The Dead Sea Scrolls of St. Mark's Monastery, Volume I*—had no occasion to deal with the question of *mem*. Except for a brief introduction, the book consists entirely of photographic reproductions of the columns of two of the scrolls and a transcription of the texts. The point about the two forms of *mem* is that the copyist of this Isaiah scroll did not invariably follow the custom eventually adopted of writing one of these forms at the beginning and in the middle and the other at the end of words.

Is the critic of the editors of this text complaining that they have not preserved this inconsistency in transcribing it for modern print? And why does he accuse Dr. Burrows of having ignored this problem? Dr. Burrows discusses it at length in the book—pages 91-94—which the reviewer is supposed to be reviewing, with drawings of the varying forms of *mem*. Dr. Burrows explains that attempts have been made by scholars who wished to date the manuscripts late to show that the distinction between the two forms had not yet been definitely established in the second century A.D., and he advances a number of arguments in refutation of this. Does your reviewer not agree with him? Or what? He goes on to say of the published texts: 'There was also quite a crop of errors of transcription, of which perhaps the most astonishing was *nethibhim* for *nethibhoth* (Isaiah xliii, 20)'. The reviewer, in the first place, has the reference wrong: it is the nineteenth not the twentieth verse of Isaiah xliii in which this reading occurs. The point here is that the St. Mark's manuscript has a word that



means *footpaths* here instead of the word that means *streams* of the Masoretic version. This word can be either masculine, *nathibh*, or feminine, *nethibhah*, with masculine and feminine plurals *nethibhim* and *nethibhoth*. It requires only a smattering of Hebrew to look at the manuscript (at the bottom of Plate XXXVI of the reproduction) and see how the word has been smudged so that the ending cannot quite be made out. The editors transcribed it in the masculine; but one of them, Mr. John C. Trever, later took another photograph of this passage with infra-red rays and came to the conclusion that the word had been written in the feminine form (B.A.S.O.R. 121). What is 'astonishing' in the fact that Dr. Burrows, at an earlier stage, should have decided for *mem* rather than *taw*? His paper on the manuscript in B.A.S.O.R. of February 1949 shows that he had at first made it *taw*. In any case, nobody is quite sure yet.

In paragraph four, the reviewer complains of the 'air of spiritual sterility' that 'seems to hang over the writings of this strangely baffling and elusive set'; and goes on to say that Dr. Burrows' book must 'be considered in the nature of a provisional report. How provisional it is may be gathered from the fact that what Professor Burrows and his colleagues named the Lamech Scroll several years ago actually turns out to be an Aramaic paraphrase . . . of Genesis'. The reviewer writes as if he were 'blissfully unaware' that the so-called Lamech Scroll—alone among the documents from the first cave—was never unrolled till recently. It was stuck together so tightly that it could not be handled like the others. It was called for convenience 'the Lamech Scroll' simply because a fragment that became detached was seen to have some statement about Lamech. If your reviewer *was* aware of this, his remark can be explained only as an attempt to mislead the reader as to the reliability of Dr. Burrows.

Paragraph five is devoted to complaining that Dr. Burrows, in an Aramaic dedication of his book to Professor C. C. Torrey, the Aramaic scholar, has made two mistakes in Aramaic. I am not qualified, I am sorry to say, to check Dr. Burrows' Aramaic. If he has fallen into two errors through 'leaning', as your reviewer says, too 'heavily on the Syriac (Peshitta) version of the New Testament', it is no doubt as well that they should be brought to his attention. Under the circumstances, Professor Torrey would have forborne to mention them to him. He is, however, still alive to note them—not, as your reviewer imagines, deceased.

Paragraph six complains that the English edition of Dr. Burrows' book has not been printed but phototyped, and that it is 'unconscionable to be expected to pay thirty shillings for a book where the "type" is blurred in places, the letters often chipped, and the paper poor in quality and tearing easily'. The publishers have already replied to this, in your issue of August 23, that if the book had been printed in England it would have cost forty-five shillings instead of thirty.

Yours, etc.,

Wellfleet, Mass.

EDMUND WILSON

### The New 'Establishment' in Criticism

Sir,—If Professor Empson (*THE LISTENER*, October 11) wishes to prove that 'strait' (in those lines from Marvell's 'Garden') has a double sense by asserting that 'the central thought here' is of how the mind is very big and also very small, I hope he can offer evidence for this being the central thought, other than the alleged double meaning of 'strait'. 'The complexity is already there', he writes, 'if "strait" only means "at once"; if the real

kettle goes overboard you won't find it at once'.

Well, I am quite ready to concede that Marvell's poem is complex enough to need a reader's whole attention; and I therefore think that a reader should have little time for assessing the relevance of Professor Empson's kettle, picturesque though it is in itself. As for saying that for Marvell the paradox of the big-small mind would have been 'perfectly obvious . . . immediate as a joke', I agree to that too. But the issue is, would this perfectly obvious paradox, if it had appeared at this point in this poem, have been a joke (Professor Empson's 'graceful wit') or a chestnut? Would it genuinely have enriched the poem, or would its perfectly obvious paradoxicality have been merely trite, irrelevant, and distracting? In my talk, I gave a reasoned answer on the side of the latter of these alternatives. I may of course have been wrong, but that is certainly not proved by ignoring the existence of the problem I was discussing. That Professor Empson should continue to ignore it is to me of some interest; if he had been able to write his letter on my talk before I gave it, I should have snapped it up as evidence.

'Cannot see the point at all', and 'a curious development in the history of taste' are expressions which I should be slow to use of those who had paid my own work the compliment of close attention. Professor Empson is quick to use them; but they may have a use nearer home than he thinks. Why, to conclude, does he silently change my 'things are closely, straitly packed together (in the mind)', to 'it is small'? Can it be for me to remind him that, in discussing poetry, little changes like that make an ocean of difference?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Sir,—Rebellion against an 'establishment' is always attractive, and one can sympathise with Mr. John Holloway's eagerness, in his recent talks (*THE LISTENER*, September 20 and 27), to unleash for the nineteen-fifties something like the creative revolution a great generation of critics has achieved during the last twenty or thirty years. This desire is all the more understandable since there are indeed increasingly many signs that 'what was once a newer and keener and fresher vision' is now beginning to harden into a 'grinding routine, where one or two skills are operated at the expense of everything else'. But rebellion and creativeness have no necessary connection.

Mr. Holloway scores a few shrewd stabs at some recent excesses and calls attention to some relevant questions. Most of his targets, however, are men of straw, and only those not very familiar with modern criticism are likely to be impressed with the indictment. To readers of F. R. Leavis, G. Wilson Knight, L. C. Knights, and Derek Traversi it can only seem a bit queer to find them lined up for a lecture on the virtues of reading a work 'from beginning to end as a single organic thing'. And *who* (certainly not T. S. Eliot or F. R. Leavis, whom the context here suggests) has ever supposed that 'refinement of texture' is in itself a guarantee of a poem's quality? Who, again, has claimed, or seemed to claim, that 'theme'—in the sense of the theme of 'deceitful appearance'—or of 'the reversal of values' in 'Macbeth'—is of any critical interest 'unless it can be shown that its presence makes the work better' (certainly not Professor Knights, here implicated); and, incidentally, this 'unless' clause hardly coheres with Mr. Holloway's categorical suggestion that 'theme', in this sense, can in fact be ruled out 'as irrelevant to criticism'. But the most central of Mr. Holloway's pleas is reached when he comes to discuss 'theme' in the sense of a work as a whole 'displaying something', 'some

statement—implicit, needless to say; some point of view embodied in the work'.

'Normally', Mr. Holloway feels, the use of this notion is 'disastrous'. It is disastrous because it presupposes that literature can convey some 'general or universal truth' about human affairs. What we need at this stage of the problem, he says, is common sense. 'In knowledge about human beings there is no such thing as a crucial experiment. . . . Much more to the point there is never such a thing as an imaginative crucial experiment. Try the idea on a physicist or social scientist, and see what he says'. Common sense is certainly needed here, and I hope our physical or social scientist would display it. We may hope he will be perceptive enough to see that—notwithstanding its prominent incidence of deaths—'King Lear' differs, in some respects, from a well-controlled sample of vital statistics—even an imaginary sample. If, however, besides being a scientist, he also happens to be acquainted with, for instance, the 'Oresteia', 'Dr. Faustus', and 'Macbeth', he may well be hard put to it to adjust his impressions when he reads that 'real knowledge of life is knowledge of the exceptional' and that 'this is the way in which many, perhaps most literary masterpieces extend and enrich the reader's grasp of life'. ('What "Macbeth" does I suppose, is to depict for us, in great and remarkable detail, one imagined case and one only'.) But if, nevertheless—yielding humbly to expert opinion—he came to accept Mr. Holloway's suggestion, he would then, presumably, feel free to abandon literature, with its singular imagined cases, for well-documented biography or the most detailed psychological case-histories he can find, or possibly for golf. This would be commonsensical but a pity. The crucial experiment on our scientist would have led us to the conclusion that Third Programme talks on literary matters are an anomaly.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds

WALTER STEIN

### The Rape of Europa

Sir,—Mr. Max Beloff in his search for the foundations of European unity seems to be unable to define what Europeans have in common. Other eminent men appear to share in this same predicament and even Professor Barrington Clark in his admirable *History in a Changing World* (Oxford, 1955) does not find a ready answer to what exactly are the features which mark out our civilisation from other civilisations. But however conclusive their various arguments seem to be, I am not really convinced and an unsatisfied feeling remains. Could it be that their reasoning is incomplete? Could it be that the distinguished company of Mr. Beloff lacked the presence of some artists, musician-scientists, still active and articulate and of that kind who are not too absorbed in their work to be ready to pause occasionally to see what they are doing and where they stand? The activities of these people constitute a vital part of European life, at all times, and perhaps it is easier to define in these fields what is specifically European than in the more vague realms of religion, politics, philosophy.

Music: No doubt, there is a mighty stream of what nobody can mistake for anything but European music, and regional differences and flavourings only add to the liveliness of the concerto grosso. Art: I feel equally at home Salisbury Cathedral as in those at Paris, Cologne and however universal the language of art I naturally seem to be spoken to when confronted with my own, namely, the European image. Paradoxically, an eloquent advocate of the large degree of common features in European art was Professor Pevsner in his lectures



'The Englishness of English Art' (B.B.C., 1955), and these may well be a suitable starting point for Mr. Beloff's undertaking. Science: Here, I do not mean technical progress. Of course, civilisation is not a matter of the steam engine or the jet aircraft and neither is science. Such things just come out by the way in the general development of science. Science is activated by the urge to find out things and I would suggest that the restless, adventurous, inquiring mind seems to have been more common among Europeans than among the rest for a long time. I would go even further and suggest that this same spirit also accounts for many characteristics in European art, music, and general attitude to life.

I, therefore, conclude that one has to take an active part in this concert of European life if one wants to find out what Europeans have in common, and that it is quite likely that in this search, among many characteristics which are just human, some can be found which are specifically European.

Yours, etc.,  
Farnham D. KÜCHEMANN

Sicilian Experiment

Sir,—Miss Jucker tells us, in her broadcast talk of October 12, that the Sicilians are miserably poor, not because they have been exploited by capitalists, but because there are no capitalists for them to exploit. The new Government, realising that wealth is created not by labour but by capitalist enterprise, is trying to attract capitalists to the island by allowing them to pay lower taxes and wages. Miss Jucker also says that the American oilmen are satisfied with their Sicilian workmen; in fact labour is much the same everywhere, and if our capitalists transferred their activities to Nigeria, it would not be long before the Nigerian workers had television sets while ours starved.

Yours, etc.,  
Usk RAGLAN

Dr. Maude Royden

Sir,—Dame Kathleen Courtney (THE LISTENER, October 11) says that the rise of Hitlerism in the nineteen-thirties made Dr. Maude Royden 'realise that there are wrongs which cannot be tolerated and must if necessary be resisted by force'. Maude Royden did not have to wait till the 'thirties to realise this. She had been a pacifist (rightly or wrongly) because she would not tolerate wrongs; she ceased to be a pacifist (again, rightly or wrongly) because persuaded that force was, in one instance, necessary. It is due to her to state the issue as clearly and fairly as she herself always faced it.

Yours, etc.,  
Farnham F. A. LEA

Letter to a Young Composer

Sir,—Mr. Wheeler's advocacy is so apologetic that it is in danger of leading to conclusions that I am sure he would be the last to wish to affirm: namely, that twelve-tone theory is a figment of the imagination, or, if it does exist, it 'just grewed' in the manner of Topsy. Now we know that it *does* exist, and that it primarily stems from Schönberg's practice, which was his own solution for his own problems. When the composers mentioned by Mr. Wheeler went to Schönberg as pupils, were they unaware of these facts? Or, to put the question another way, would they have gone to him if they had not thought of him as the originator of perhaps an important theory in future development? Obviously not: and their music shows that their enthusiasm did not receive much dis-

couragement. Generally it reveals a kinship which is at once apparent and it is nonsense to imply a variety of styles. All one can say is that their various personalities exercised influence *within a style*. The question whether or not Schönberg *consciously* taught his theory is beside the point. The crux of the matter is that the theory was known, that his followers and pupils worked within it, and that Schönberg himself did not publicly denounce the analysts as mischief-making creators of a 'legend' (to use Mr. Keller's term).

Perhaps I may be allowed now to state my views a little more forcibly than I did in my 'Letter to a Young Composer'. It is assumed without question that Schönberg was a 'revolutionary' composer, because of our knowledge that the music relied upon non-classical procedures. But I can never listen to Schönberg (and I am not alone in this) without it affecting me as an end-product of post-Wagnerian romanticism. This may be my misfortune, but the experience serves, for me, as a warning against the acceptance of a method merely because of its abstract revolutionary qualities. The really revolutionary music of this century (in the sense that it opens up new vistas, not merely intensifying old ones) is unclassifiable: I think of such things as the last movement of Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony, Nielsen's Fifth Symphony, Bartok's Quartets, Janacek's operas, and Orff's 'Carmina Burana'.

Yours, etc.,  
Speen EDMUND RUBBRA

Radio Telescopes and the Galaxy

Sir,—There are many theories that support the expansion of the Galactic systems, none of which, at present, justifies one in accepting any one of them as the true explanation. In the past, conflicts arose between such redoubtable exponents as Einstein and de Sitter, Eddington and Milne, and others. However, from theoretical considerations alone, both expansions and contractions of other universes than our own must be accepted. The points of difference between astro-physicists would appear to be the rate of expansion or contraction; and not on the general theory itself.

Yours, etc.,  
Porthleven G. E. O. KNIGHT

'The Rabbit'

Sir,—I quite agree with your reviewer, Mr. Harrison Matthews, that the disappearance of the rabbit has been a great advantage to the country economically, though nature-lovers will demur to his description of it as an 'unmixed blessing'. But he goes on to say 'The gods of Olympus might well indulge in a cynical smile over a country that had been vainly spending untold thousands of pounds in attempts to control the rabbit pest, passing legislation to prohibit the use of the one effective means of control fortuitously released from Pandora's box'.

Assuming that the motive of the prohibition was in fact a humanitarian one, I hold that it is a matter not for derision but for congratulation that a modern government should be enlightened enough to be willing to sacrifice money rather than deliberately inflict pain on wild creatures. If the gods found the Slopes of Olympus littered with rabbits dying horribly from myxomatosis I doubt if they would agree with Mr. Harrison in stigmatising the protests of animal-lovers as a 'hysterical squawk'. But if they would, I respectfully suggest that it is quite time they took the cynical smile off their immortal faces and brought themselves into line with that advance in humanitarian ideas which

even we mortals are slowly and precariously achieving.

Yours, etc.,  
Bishops Stortford N. MONK-JONES

WHEN A MAN minds his own business by telling us all about it we soon discover that what really matters is the talker, not the shop. Though when the shop itself happens to be the affairs of Elkin Mathews, the antiquarian booksellers, there is no great risk in believing that this too must be of intrinsic interest. In *Minding My Own Business*, by Percy Muir (Chatto and Windus, 21s.), the combination of Mr. Muir as talker and Elkin Mathews as shop is quite irresistible. Mr. Muir moves easily up and down the years on a bookseller's ladder, taking out people here and there for our inspection. In this establishment both people and books are brilliantly free of dust.

It is a measure of the author's affection for his firm that he can call this book autobiography. There is scarcely anything in it about his private life. If we are to believe him, the story of his life is the story of his business, particularly since 1922, when Arthur Wade Evans formed a joint stock company to take over when Mathews died. Mr. Muir did not come along until 1929, but he identifies himself warmly with the earlier fortunes of the firm. Evans, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, had never been a bookseller. He was a book collector who decided to turn scholarship to commercial advantage, and this he did brilliantly for a while. Then he lost interest and began to spend business hours in the British Museum, preparing a book on Warburton. The firm staggered from one financial crisis to another, saved only by the arrival of fresh partners with money to spare. The first, H. V. Marrot, another collector, wanted to set up in publishing. This young man about town smoked specially-made cigarettes with eighteen-carat gold tips and never felt comfortable without at least £200 in cash in his pocket.

It is typical of Evans that he should have welcomed the next recruit, Eddie Gathorne Hardy, for precisely the opposite reason. This arrival came in because he was short of cash. His attitude to finance can be judged by his habit, if he missed a train, of buying a car, driving it to his destination and then selling it—to save the cost of upkeep. He brought to the firm his great knowledge of Restoration and Augustan literature and such inspired incapacity for business method that he could silently stretch a long week-end out to three and a half weeks. More money arrived with Greville Worthington, of the brewing family, who was welcomed to the board as a man who also had practical knowledge of finance and business procedure. They used his money, but not his knowledge of business procedure. Worthington's passion was jazz. He spent hours in junkshops, searching for scratchy records of Dixie-land classics, which he proudly inflicted on his friends. He also adored vintage cars and music-hall and accompanied himself on banjo or guitar in such songs as 'E learned about women from 'er' and 'No wonder she's a blushing bride'.

There are glimpses too of such distinguished visitors as Lady Ottoline Morrell, 'magnificently upholstered and decorated', with Lytton Strachey timidly in tow. We taste the acerbity of Logan Pearsall Smith, share the first suspicions that led to the Carter-Pollard inquiry, and see Wise himself in righteous rage over the discovery of a forgery of his own forgery. The final chapters, which take the story up to 1939, describe a new venture, the author's search in Britain and Germany for early editions of well-known music, a story that forms an entertaining and at times exciting pendant to a most interesting book.



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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Future of Socialism

By C. A. R. Crosland. Cape. 42s.

THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY a remarkable book. It will arouse strong dissent among socialists, many of whom will be led by it to brand its author as belonging to an extreme right wing and as virtually abandoning socialism even as a long-run objective. Such criticism will be largely mistaken; but there will be some excuse for it in Mr. Crosland's way of expressing his beliefs, for he is very fond of emphasising his differences with the marxists and with the traditional leftists. In doing so, he is apt to exaggerate the extent and effects of the changes that have already been brought about in the relative economic conditions of the rich and the poor, to paint an over-simplified and idealised picture of contemporary American, as well as of British, society, and to speak with unduly confident optimism of the economic outlook in Great Britain. He is, for example, fully assured that the British standard of living will be doubled in the next twenty-five years; and he appears to take too readily for granted that full employment will be maintained and that the age of major economic depressions is definitely over. He does indeed recognise that for the next ten years or so Great Britain will still be coping with a scarcity of resources for meeting the conflicting claims of higher consumption, higher investment, armaments, and improved social service provision; but thereafter he believes these troubles will end and there will be plenty of surplus resources for helping the rapid development of the economies of the poorer countries. Events may, no doubt, validate this extreme optimism; but it is not easy to share Mr. Crosland's confidence that they certainly will.

Taking this view of the outlook, he is led to binking of the future of socialism much more a social than in purely economic terms. His tress, given a tolerable minimum standard of ving for all, is much more on social than on omic equality. He is, indeed, a vigorous pponent of large unearned incomes, and wishes o take strong measures both to limit such omes by higher taxation, including stiffer nd differently graduated taxes on inheritance, nd to prevent tax evasion by the wealthy by nposing a tax on capital gains and by dealing ith excessive expense allowances. But his main tttack on class-inequality is concentrated on our resent educational system; and he comes out rongly in favour of comprehensive schools— ough at the same time he defends the 'public' arding school system, which he hopes to emocratised by opening entry to it to children f any class, irrespective of their parents' means. The most lively criticism of Mr. Crosland's ok is likely to be provoked by his insistence at under the conditions of today, it does not uch matter who owns industries, because wnership no longer carries with it any real ntrol. This view he rests on the indisputable ct that control of big business has passed regely out of the hands of shareholders into ose of salaried managers, and on a conviction at the state is now in a position to exercise pretty effective control over the policy of dustries, whether they are publicly owned or t. This leads him to appear to attach hardly y importance to further measures of national- tion, except that he is firm about the need to -nationalise steel and to nationalise insurance. At this point, however, his argument becomes clear and ambiguous; for he strongly urges e need for a great extension of competitive

public enterprise, both by state purchase of existing firms, as distinct from entire industries, and by the setting up of new, publicly owned enterprises to compete with those in private hands. This does not seem to square with his insistence that ownership does not really matter: indeed, he seems to recognise that the range of public ownership ought to be, and under his fiscal proposals necessarily would be, extended very greatly. What he is really attacking seems to be not more public ownership but much more nationalisation on the model of what was done after 1945; and so far he is surely right.

Regarded as a whole, Mr. Crosland's book is a really important contribution to new socialist thinking—certainly the most important so far produced. He too often mars his case by overstatement both about what has already occurred and about the future; but it is fairly easy to discount this element in his writing, and what then remains is both original and cogent. Not least is his book appealing because of his deep belief in the value of personal freedom and of consumers' choice and of his sharp reaction against the Puritan austerity of some of his fellow-socialists. He wants a society which will be not only less class-ridden but also 'fun' to live in—and he is willing as a democrat to let people make their own choice of the sorts of fun they want. Though he is by training and profession an economist, a large part of his book is about sociology rather than about economics in a technical sense; and in many ways the sociological parts of it are the best, though the economic parts are also well and clearly argued. On the whole, he deserves warm congratulation on a book, well-written and easy to read, that shows courage in facing real difficulties and should be of great help to the Labour Party in its still mainly unsolved problem of finding a new programme adapted to the conditions of the next ten or twenty years.

## To Meet Mr. Ellis. By Vicars Bell.

Faber. 15s.

Mr. Bell possesses a fluent pen, a sensitive imagination, and a passion for those aspects of the past that still catch a reflection in the homes and habits of countrymen. Some years ago he wrote an excellent history of his village, Little Gaddesden, and his new book deals more extensively with its history in the eighteenth century. Fortunately there are two ample sources, apart from the contents of the parish chest, which save Little Gaddesden from oblivion. William Ellis lived there. His pen was as fluent as Mr. Bell's, and he poured forth 40,000 words a month in praise of that rural economy which he so singularly failed to practise himself, spinning out his words with anecdotes of rural life and personal experiences. His confident assertions drew a shrewd, observant Swede, Peter Kalm, to this village. He quickly got the measure of Ellis, and left an admirably cool and dispassionate appraisal of English rural life in the mid-eighteenth century, based on what he saw at Little Gaddesden.

Mr. Bell's keen and selective eye has chosen all that is best in Ellis and Kalm to recreate a picture of village life; he has also delved into the parish records to give great substance to his book. The result is most readable, and very salutary. Although food was for most years reasonably plentiful for even the poor, work was very hard for man, woman, and beast; and the bulk of the population could hope for little more than the bare necessities of life. And for

all classes illness was a nightmare in which the cure must have been as horrifying as the pain. Everyone was purged, vomited and bled; hysterics thrown into cold water; sufferers from wind scalded; toads, frogs, boiled hedgehogs, dung and urine of every variety, were applied internally or externally at the physician's whim. According to Ellis, twenty hoglice taken in white wine were wonderfully strengthening to the optic nerves and sheep lights applied to the feet proved a sovereign cure for scarlet fever.

It is a relief to escape out of doors into the fields and woods, to the sowing and reaping of crops, upon which Ellis had such sharp and definite views—views, however, which carried greater conviction in foreign counties and countries than in his own parish. Much to Kalm's surprise the waterlogged meadows and weed-choked fields were his. Yet bad farmer though he might be, we must be grateful to Ellis and forgive him his bombast and chicanery for, without his anecdotes, Mr. Bell could not have made this excellent reconstruction of eighteenth-century village life. It deserves to be read by all who are interested in social history.

## Poems from the North. By Kathleen Nott.

Hand and Flower Press. 7s. 6d.

### Green with Beasts

Poems by W. S. Merwin.

Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

Miss Kathleen Nott's *Poems from the North* are, as one would have expected from her criticism, obviously the work of an extremely able mind. They are written with deliberate and frequently impressive intellectual intentions. But the considerable length of most of the pieces, while perhaps necessary to the author's conscious purpose, makes their faults seem larger, often, than their virtues: too many words, insufficient metrical control, too little of that luminousness which no amount of cerebration can produce. Some poems, indeed, seem to lack, or at any rate to disguise, the primary Aristotelian necessities of a beginning, a middle and an end. It is hard to see what some of them, as a whole, are about, despite the often powerful use of frozen geologic symbolism. But there are some fine individual passages:

And I remember  
how the asphalt City grew continual pavement,  
nothing but the flat white flight towards the  
horizon,  
spinning through the wicked wheeling of the  
pallings,  
all razed and quaking, debris of marble, heart-  
stunned stupid statue,  
straight runways of terror, papers, bones and  
pigeons  
that race between the plague-pit and the resur-  
rection. . . .

The shorter love poems are more strictly formal in statement, though paradoxically they seem to offer something less interesting than what may be hidden in the long philosophical poems. There is an off-putting blurb full of too-familiar extra-literary jargon.

Mr. W. S. Merwin also has a worrying, complex way of just failing to clinch his more ambitious poems, but his shorter effusions (to revive a term of Coleridge's) are more manageable because less cerebral and he is often content to please us with the autobiographical immediacies of a poem like 'Burning the Cat' and with vigorous and original animal pieces: the end of 'Leviathan'—and he waits for the





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world to begin"—and these lines on the cockerel

But does he scream

In joy unfading that now no dark is,

Or what wakening does he herald with all terror?

stay in the mind like pictures in a bestiary. Of the non-animal poems in the second part of the book, the best perhaps are 'The Station', a forthright and very moving allegory in the best American tradition (Robert Frost, *The Grapes of Wrath*), and a sonnet on Saint Sebastian in which the marmoreal and the colloquial blend into a distinguished close:

Not though

With the wings of the morning may I fly from thee; for it is

Thy kingdom where (and the wind so still now)

I stand in pain; and, entered with pain as always,

Thy kingdom that on these erring shafts comes.

## Catalogue of the Collection of Drawings in the Ashmolean Museum

By K. T. Parker. Volume II—The Italian Schools. Oxford. £8 8s.

It was in 1938 that Dr. Parker published the first volume of the catalogue of drawings in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It had 104 plates and was issued at the moderate price of 35s.: a second volume, on the Italian Drawings, was then promised (and it was hoped was imminent): there will be a third volume for the English School. This second volume has more than twice as many illustrations as the first, but it costs more than four times as much—and that may well be the only thing that can be said against it. It is some consolation that Dr. Parker has been spared to complete it himself, in his own astringent and lucid style, for the Italian collection, in its present rounded form, is, to an extent which will surprise most people, his own creation.

Every interested person is familiar with the incomparable Raphael drawings and the great Michelangelo series with which the Ashmolean collection started off in 1846. They have been extensively catalogued in the past and Dr. Parker has brought the information up to date and added many points of detail: but they are not surprises. The rare readers of the Ashmolean's annual reports will have been aware that many Italian drawings have been added to the collection year by year: and the still rarer visitors will have got a sense of the steadily increasing richness of the Italian collection. But drawings are among the more secret possessions of museums and art galleries; not many can be on public view at a time: many are perhaps never exhibited at all and they are guarded with a certain proprietary jealousy which it requires persistence and leisure to overcome: so that it will be an agreeable surprise (not least to most senior members of the University of Oxford) to discover that Dr. Parker has been quietly and persistently going since he came to the Ashmolean in 1933. It is a splendid achievement and we must be thankful that the war delayed the publication of his Italian volume until the present time.

Of the 1,140 or so drawings catalogued in this volume, no less than 584 (not counting recent transfers from the Bodleian) have accrued to the collection since Dr. Parker took over the Department of Prints and Drawings in 1933: mostly by purchase, a very few by casual gift or request, many more by what one may call 'inherited' gift—the inspiration coming from the department. What was an eccentric collection, with an incomparably brilliant nucleus to which a previous Keeper had thought to make more than the most occasional additions, has become a widely representative collection of drawings of the Italian School. The principle of building up strength, which is desirable for all museum collections, has here been luminously practised. A third (one of the few left) in which fine drawings

could still, up to yesterday, be bought at moderate prices, has been the main point of concentration. Of the new acquisitions, more than 300 are of the sixteenth century and more than 150 of the seventeenth, and the qualities of connoisseurship which have gone to building up this addition are remarkable. More than 140 of these are included among the illustrations, and they include splendid examples of such great draughtsmen as Barocci, the Carracci, Guercino, Parmegianino, and Tiepolo—and a fair number of each. Remarkable as is the minute and profuse scholarship which has gone into the individual entries, in which few reasonable questions are left unanswered, when an answer is possible, and in which a decent and modest lack of dogmatism is habitual, to many who explore this volume it will seem even more remarkable as the record of a great addition which has been made so unobtrusively to the stock of the nation's works of art during the last twenty years. We can echo the words with which Dr. Parker closes his introduction, that 'the time will surely come when in retrospect even the 1930s and 1940s will appear to a future generation of collectors almost as a time of plenty.'

In his short introduction, which relates more fully than has been available before the story of the acquisition of that part of the Lawrence drawings which founded the Ashmolean collection of drawings, the author does justice to those benefactors of the past through whose energy or generosity the Italian part of the collection has grown up, and their portraits are reproduced—the hero among them must remain the 2nd Earl of Eldon. Dr. Parker has done justice to all but himself. In the changed circumstances of today scholarship is the greatest benefaction a university gallery can receive, and his own image could not unfittingly have been added to those of Woodburn, Dr. Wellesley, Lord Eldon, Douce, and Chambers Hall.

## The Time of the Assassins. A Study of Arthur Rimbaud by Henry Miller. Neville Spearman. 12s. 6d.

Rimbaud, like Blake, has become the prey of mythologists. When, therefore, Henry Miller asks: 'Is there not something just as miraculous about Rimbaud's appearance on this earth as there was in the awakening of a Gautama, or in Christ's acceptance of the Cross, or in Joan of Arc's incredible mission of deliverance?' we fear the worst—and the worst, it must be admitted, is what we too often find. The Rimbaud mythology has recently been collated and analysed by M. Etiemble in two formidable volumes and it is one of the most shameful literary dustbins ever exposed to view. Henry Miller figures in the index.

The first section of Miller's study is called: 'Analogies, Affinities, Correspondences and Repercussions', and explores, with some complacency, the fraternal comprehension which two such rebels as Miller and Rimbaud might be expected to have of each other. 'What I see most clearly', he writes, 'is how miraculously I escaped suffering the same vile fate. . . . Rimbaud turned from literature to life; I did the reverse. Rimbaud fled from the chimeras he had created; I embraced them'. We are led to infer that if Rimbaud had not lapsed into silence but had come to the other side of his obsessions through some cathartic process of 'acceptance' he might have been spared that moment 'when they carry him down from Harar to the coast in a litter—a journey, incidentally, comparable to the Calvary'. The banal intrusion of 'incidentally' in this sentence forces one to ask what has happened to Miller. When he was the authentic 'outsider' of the *Tropics* he knew how to write, his verbal energy cut through

slack-water with the nonchalance of a speed-boat; did his genius desert him when he abandoned his *humour noir* to become reformed rebel and professional sage?

Miller would not be Miller if he did not, from time to time, shrug off the enveloping verbiage and say some wise and arresting things. The wretched conclusion about this little book is the reader's conviction that Miller had it in him to write about Rimbaud with as much insight as Lawrence did of Melville and Artaud of Van Gogh. He could have written, one feels, *du côté de chez les copains*. 'I chalked up Rimbaud's phrases on the wall', he writes, 'in the kitchen, in the toilet, even outside the house . . .'. That is the only way to be encountered by Rimbaud since 'more than any other poet he lodges himself in that vulnerable place called the heart'. Perhaps Miller has lost the courage to be vulnerable. When we recall his own '*saison en enfer*' we must not be too quick to blame him.

## The German Novel. By Roy Pascal.

Manchester University Press. 30s.

One of the difficulties in attempting to assess the place of German prose fiction in European literature lies in the peculiar nature of its formal development. From the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards there have been two parallel and often independent forms of storytelling, the novel and the long-short story, or *Novelle*. The latter genre, with its emphasis on formal precision, makes a more direct appeal than the more ponderous long novel. Mr. E. K. Bennett provided a helpful guide to the German *Novelle* over twenty years ago, and now Professor Pascal has undertaken the more hazardous task of introducing the German novel itself to English readers. He has not written a history of the German novel, but a series of studies of selected novels and novelists. The majority of these German writers (Goethe, Gotthelf, Stifter, Kafka, and Thomas Mann) have been made the subject of recent monographs in English; the present work gives a valuable and stimulating survey of the more important tendencies in the German novel as a whole.

The book falls into two halves. The *Bildungsroman*, the didactic novel of the unfolding of an individual's growth to manhood, is expounded in analyses of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Keller's *Der grüne Heintich*, Stifter's *Der Nachsommer* and Thomas Mann's *Der Zauberberg*. In a further section Gotthelf, Raabe, Fontane, Mann, and Kafka are discussed in separate chapters. The author lays emphasis on the relationship of the novelist to society, and takes realism as a touchstone to good novel writing. By and large this is a sound enough emphasis, though occasionally Pascal's picture is slightly out of focus; Gotthelf's personality and work, for instance, are not seen whole in these terms.

Professor Pascal shows that the authors he has selected are novelists of distinction, and that the nineteenth-century figures, in particular, deserve more attention than they have usually received in this country. The heroes of the *Bildungsroman*, with their affinities to Dickens' David Copperfield, Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, or to Proust's Marcel, are introspective descendants of the more wily picaro. Fontane's *Effi Briest*, though a slighter work than Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* or Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, is not unworthy to be considered by their side. Raabe's *Der Stopfkuchen*, with its atmosphere of small-town frustration, may lack the epic sweep of George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, but it is a work of no little originality. Gotthelf's name has more than once been linked with that of Balzac or Tolstoy; even if the comparison has to have some qualification, there is no doubt of this Swiss novelist's great creative ability. As Pascal



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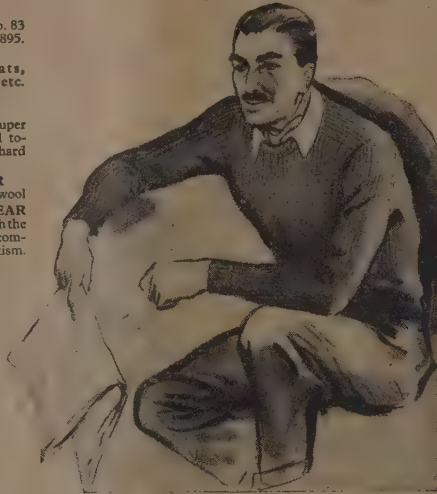
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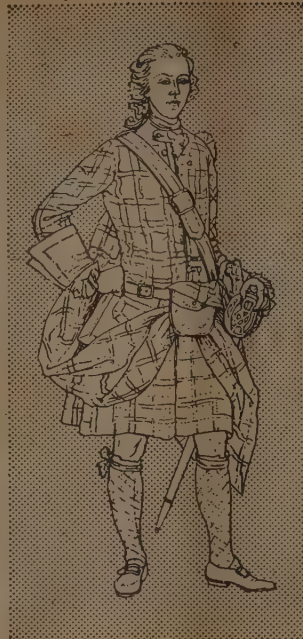
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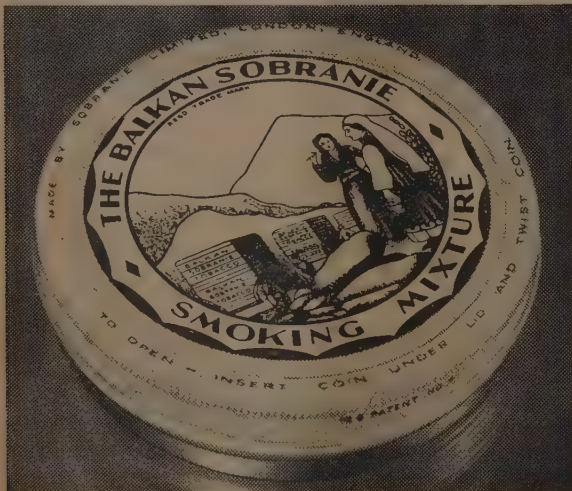
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The English reader who is seeking to discover what Thomas Mann and Kafka are about will find in this book a lucid and sensible guide to the

intricacies of their work. If the German novel has mostly been less immediately endearing than the shorter *Novelle*, it has been undeniably alive ever since the time when Goethe's Wilhelm Meister gave up middle-class respectability to throw in his lot with a down-at-

heel theatrical company. Mann and Kafka have been extensively and skilfully translated; the nineteenth-century novelists may well have to wait the appearance of up-to-date translations before their work can be fully appreciated in this country.

## New Novels

**Casualty.** By Robert Romanis. Andre Deutsch. 13s. 6d.

**The Nun's Story.** By Kathryn Hulme. Muller. 15s.

**The Firewalkers.** By Frank Cauldwell. Murray. 12s. 6d.

**Roman Tales.** By Alberto Moravia. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

**I SUSPECT** that the large, steady, addicted novel-reading public thinks of a Good Novel in much the same way as film-addicts think of a Good Cry. For them both, 'good' has a therapeutic connotation: it implies that art is a non-alcoholic, tonic stimulant. Not that the experience need necessarily be a pleasant one. Who can ever have wanted to be Temple Drake or any other character in that pretentious book, Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, which has sold by the million? Can any nice, female reader of *Nana* have felt ever-so-much-better vicariously? Perhaps it is pleasant to feel the unpleasant side of life being brushed-off on fictitious scapegoats? Yet the more general idea of what constitutes a Good Novel is likely to mean the hearty, healthy, vigorous, slightly romantic, not-too-realistic novel, firmly based on conventional standards (*Gone With the Wind?*), which makes people feel that, after all, when all's said and done, and take it by and large, life is a pretty decent thing and people are really fundamentally good—always, inevitably, within the local and current meaning of *good* and *decent*, since Ivan's idea of goodness is not John's, and John's may not be Shawn's, and Shawn's is certainly not Jean's, and Jean is not likely to agree with Giovanni, and so on. Publishers, and booksellers, are-e-am of these Novels that are Good for you. Nobody seems to want to write them.

For reasons inherent in his subject Mr. Robert Romanis has come very near to writing one, and without telling any of the sentimental lies usually inherent in a Good Novel. He is a doctor writing about doctors, nurses, and patients in the casualty ward of a big Thames-side hospital facing Big Ben. At every hour of the day and night what journalists call human stories are here trickling or pouring into the over-worked hands of young Dr. Peter Harding, and his assistants: chronic drunks, dotties, eccentrics, ordinary folk with minor or major ailments, serious emergency cases that test his knowledge, is will-power, his nerves, and his professional conscience. Who could fail to be fascinated by his ever-rolling diorama? I think the effect of all such books about doctors' lives is much like that of the story of the ruler of Capernaum in the Gospel according to Saint John. 'Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not'—followed by the miracle. The doctor as God; or, perhaps, as Moses striking tears from the eyes of our crusty hearts? There is no story-line in *Casualty*; or at any rate a frail one—the courage of a woman with heart-disease, who insists on having her baby, affecting Harding who has been hesitating to give his young wife baby. They could make a fine film out of it: it literature? It's a bit of life anyway. A tonic book, which I can safely recommend to lowbrow and highbrow alike. It is possibly outside literature altogether.

I wonder how the novel-addicts will receive Kathryn Hulme's *The Nun's Story*. It has had

a large *succès d'estime* in America, and very rightly so. It starts off with a great disadvantage, and a less certain advantage. Novels about nuns and priests are felt to be institutional or professional novels, like novels about soldiers, and lawyers, and doctors, which works both for and against according to personal interest and prejudice. I confess that I am not drawn to books about nuns and priests. There have been too many vitiated by special pleading, or the desire to edify, or a corny heartiness intended to show that priests or nuns are quite human after all, which is really a cheating effort to have the best of both worlds and is ultimately tied up with the hoary, insoluble, and exasperating problem of the double-mindedness of churchmen in a world which, spiritually speaking, they pretend is as nothing to them and is practically speaking, and perforce, everything to them, their sole battleground. I beg the reader to have no such fears about *The Nun's Story*. It is intelligent, authentic, and deeply moving, and as universally applicable as any novel that deals with the theme of devotion or dedication in any field—such as the devotion of a lawyer, a doctor, a mother, a soldier, a poet, a physiologist, a scholar, a ballet-dancer, or whom-you-will.

Gabrielle, in religion Sister Luke, is a Belgian nursing-sister whose ambition is to work in the Congo, where she goes after a searing experience in charge of insane people, and whence she returns to Belgium in time for the war and the German occupation. The attraction of Sister Luke is that she is always human, even when striving her hardest to crush out her own warm humanity for God's sake. After years of painful striving, the war proves to her that her human sympathy is more powerful than her religious vocation, and indeed nearer to the truth of life in any sense, religious included, than the ecclesiastical disciplines she had embraced. She goes out bravely and intelligently into that battleground which religious call secular, as if the world outside the walls were of a different substance to that within. Judged by any standards, even those of the Great Novel Seekers, this is a book in the top class. It may be a genuinely great novel. A sequel of equal quality could ensure that title.

I am probably going to do an injustice to *The Firewalkers* because, with *The Nun's Story* in my mind, it does seem rather flippant. Yet, even if I had been reading Corvo, or Firbank, or Lord Berners, or Peacock, or *Antic Hay*, or *L'Oro di Napoli*, or Apuleius, or Roger Peyrefitte or any light, worldly, amusing, cynical, or sentimental writer you like to name I am afraid I would still find it more than a bit precocious. This is odd because there is a great deal of sensitivity hanging around here, much sympathy, a wide tolerance, and a lode of pity. I think the reason is that I cannot rid myself of the feeling that Mr. Cauldwell puts up objects to pity as others put up objects to hate, which

he does by choosing eccentrics, or even maimed characters, who suffer grave indignities at the hands of fate or nature—such as an ugly, near-albino German with a hare lip and an overpowering desire for feminine love, or the near-dotty ex-colonel, a first war air-ace who stages one come-back more ridiculous than another and always falls flat on his face in absurd and embarrassing ways. The scene lends itself to this double-take technique: seedy-fashionable Athens after the war, part-native, part-alien, rootless and shifting, rich in aberrants, freaks, originals, odd-men-out. Mr. Cauldwell over-exposes them—and then tolerates them. The only suggestion of any viewpoint other than this all-embracing tolerance comes with the death of the eccentric Colonel Grecos who recalls the firewalkers so vividly described in the opening chapter:

'Well for someone like myself—someone so different—life is like that firewalking. If one has absolute faith in one's rightness and the wrongness of the world—as those firewalkers do—then one can get across without being burned. But if one lacks that absolute faith then . . . one suffers, one suffers so much! Well, thank God, I've had that faith; I've managed to get across with no more than a minor blister or two.'

Poor Grecos! Mr. Cauldwell has blistered him properly by then! A defence of aberrants? It is much more like a satire on them. Grecos and Götz and Cecil might well cry: 'Save me from my friends!' Technically Mr. Cauldwell has nothing to learn. His pen is masterly. I think his well is a bit muddled. It was Mauriac who said of all novelists: *Il faut purifier la source*. Easily said. Let's send him a postcard: 'When did you last drain your sump?' I would sum up my impression of *The Firewalkers* as masterly, too easy, and not fair with a lot of high living and rather poor thinking. Incidentally it may be a collector's item: it is now common knowledge that the author's name is not Cauldwell.

Alberto Moravia's *Roman Tales* is a collection worth reading if only as a salutary de-romanticisation of Roman life. When they appeared as newspaper-pieces they seemed much more lively; in book-form they do not stand up well. In all twenty-seven tales there are not more than two or three worthy to be called short stories. 'The Baby' and 'The Caretaker' are the best. Otherwise the emphasis is too firmly on the obviously bizarre. What I find most interesting about the tales is that they deal with the proletarian Italian male rather than with the middle-class intellectual who is the usual pivotal figure of the novels and is always inferior to his women, balled-up, weak of will, acted-upon, and generally ineffectual. These common folk may be crude hams. I much prefer them to his drooling Hamlets and so, one feels, does he. Could he, I wonder, be making an unconscious political observation in this contrast? An involuntary condemnation of his class in his generation?

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Dramatised Documentary

TAKING A SOCIAL situation and acting it out in dramatic form on our screens makes free of 'The Living Newspaper' idea introduced to New York playgoers some time back. In the service of television it can be still more urgently compelling, as we saw in the programme called 'Tearaway' last week. The documentary script-writer, Colin Morris, set out to show us violence by night in the back streets and the silence of fear that falls on those from whom the law seeks its evidence. 'Tearaway' as a vernacular classification was new to me. It does not occur, I think, in *The Newgate Calendar*, nor do I recall it from my sporadic reading of *The London Spy*. It means a street thug who savages his victim and runs off, and it suggests that the *argot* of villainy has gone soft.

Set mainly in enshrouding gloom, which did not always make easy viewing, the programme unfolded its theme of intimidation with force and care, leaving us very properly compassionate in the sense of being sorry for everybody, in and out of the back streets. This was life being lived as no one wants to live it. With an occasional hint of transpontine drama, in which one could imagine Tod Slaughter lurking in the shadows, Mr. Morris presented his facts convincingly enough and, in doing so, strengthened the case for dramatised documentary. That case, persuasively argued by Mr. Leonard Cottrell, the producer, in a recent letter to *THE LISTENER*, does not dispose of the proposition that the 'creative treatment of actuality' concept may be modified by television's direct traffic with actuality. Unexcelled as a factual reporter, television is not likely to concentrate on dramatised reporting. The *genre* has its place in the grand momentum, and one hopes that Mr. Morris, whose producer, Gilchrist Calder, supported him with some well-cast acting talent, will pursue his researches into the raw materials supply of the sociologists. He does not fill our screens with marionettes. He

peoples them with life-size characters. He is a practised visualiser of living pictures.

If lively pictures were not the chief merit of 'The Church in their House', from Halton, near Leeds, that was because the cameras there were not made party to a fabrication. Their business was to give us a true rendering of the setting and circumstances in which the vicar of Halton, Canon Ernest Southcott, has succeeded in making 200 local households outposts of his church of St. Wilfrid. A Canadian with a warm,

Counter-opinion was somewhat garrulous. This was good reporting and a powerful justification of the medium.

Motoring last month through eight southern counties, I saw only one horse on the road. Happily, we have had 'The Horse of the Year Show, 1956', to prove that the species survives with undimmed *elan* and that the sight of a tractor taking a triple fence with something to spare is unlikely to be a rival attraction in the foreseeable future. Like athletics, show jumping

is one of the least synthetic of public entertainments. Moreover, it is one in which the B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts Department has acquired an extraordinary competence in televising. There were moments when we could have believed that the cameras were mounted behind the riders, so thoroughly were we involved. There was no semi-detachment. You either enjoyed it or you were bored, as a friend of mine was: 'Well, this is where I leave you'. He missed, and might have agreed to like, the final cavalcade of famous horses. Spotlit in an arena dimmed by fog, they reminded us that one of the ever impressive sights is a procession of horsemen riding through a distant landscape.

'Zoo Quest', instalment two, took us into former head-hunting parts of Borneo and kept us constantly alert to its possibilities of adventurous emergency. Animal lovers will have delighted in the baby honey bear which is destined to grow up to frighten even its keepers. For some other viewers it took more than its share of programme time, which in consequence tended to drag. Like smokers, animal lovers have an inhuman disregard for other people's preferences. 'The Edge of Success' raised the question: Can machines do more? Aidan Crawley was painstaking in trying to answer it. The series suffers from the scrappiness which, as a reader of *THE LISTENER*, Mr. J. A. Marshall, of Saltdean, Sussex, reminds me, disfigures many factual programmes: 'they are too bitty'. We are rushed along, he truly says, from one scene to another, 'with no time to get a close view of anything'. The quart-into-pint-pot miracle apparently fascinates some B.B.C.



'Tearaway' on October 11, with (left to right) Raymond Lulham as Detective Constable Jones, Jack Rodney as Joe Gorman, Doreen Andrew as his wife, and Stuart Saunders as Detective Sergeant Bulliver

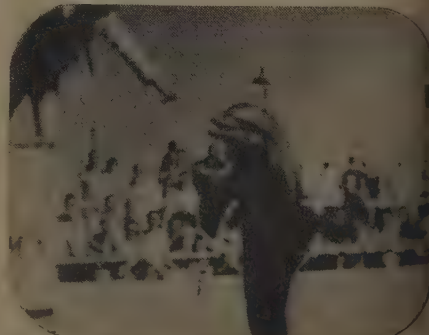
decisive personality, he takes the Communion service into the front parlour as the crux of a strategy which aims at restoring the church to its central place in the community even though it may have a diminished congregational attendance. The tone and method, it should be said, owe nothing to the more strident forms of missionary effort. Film, personal interview, commentary by Bertram Mycock, and explanations by Canon Southcott himself gave substance to a programme in which pictorial interest was not paramount but which the cameras none the less adequately served. Of the local voices there was more than one which showed effective self-expression, particularly among the sympathisers.



As seen by the viewer: 'Panorama' on October 8—the Dalai Lama in a film taken by Heinrich Harrar



'The Church in their House' on October 8: a service in a home on a Leeds housing estate



'Look—Whales' on October 10: a pet dolphin leaping from the water to be fed

Photographs: John Cura



ducers. 'Fashion Spotlight', seeking to escape the oppressive correctness of mannequin parades, went to the other extreme and tried rehearsed spontaneity, which did not come off. 'Panorama' was packed with good things, among them some fascinating film from Lhasa, visiting Tangier—nice trips these B.B.C. fellows fix themselves—Richard Dimpleby conclusively proved that he is not designed by nature to wear his shirt local style. The colour argument between James Campbell of the U.R. and Christopher Chataway was not so conclusive as it ought to have been.

At Llandudno, for the Conservative Party conference, the film camera was not more successful than it had been at Blackpool for the conference of the other party. The editing, as before, seemed uncouth, perhaps owing to necessary haste. The professional good humour of the front benchers was displayed to us in a series of late-night interviews, in which the picture quality was often exceptionally good.

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### Storm in a Cathode

THE 'TEMPEST' is what I must write about this week. For it was the big event, 'Tearaway', though to most people I daresay indistinguishable from many a play, was in fact a documentary. One cannot for ever go on extracting material for dramatic criticism out of the vicissitudes of Grandmother Grove or the Fat Man of the Remove, B. Bunter: or, for that matter, D. Copperfield whom to know is to be on B.B.C. television and, on I.T.V., to earn £1000!

So 'The Tempest' it is, and I had better say right out that I did not think it very well done—more's the pity, as it was intended as a tribute to a grand old actor, Robert Atkins, whose great spirit has kept the flag of Shakespeare flying in many odd places and not least, of course, upon the greensward of Regent's Park. One would have liked to think that thousands and thousands of viewers were watching the play with a new quickened zest for the old, instead of which I had a nagging feeling, one after another, the dials must have been flicking over to watch Tommy Trinder, or whatever it was that appeared on the other channel. Channel well said: 'Full fathom nine' Ariel (that patron imp of Broadcasting House) might have put it! I remember reviewing a radio production of 'The Tempest' and longing for him to be added to keep one's mind on the play. But now I believe 'The Tempest' goes on as a play in the mind's eye only. What we saw on our screens on Sunday night was mostly after distracting, and though the camera by peering in on us could make us, nay force us, to pay attention to what Prospero is saying were in a theatre you may easily be lulled (as a coma by that spellbinder) there was a deal else which merely cancelled out Shakespeare's word-painting.

Like, for instance, the very first scene of all the shipwreck. Could not something have been devised which made a more popular and effective than this job lot of fugitives from Wood's 'Faust' making sheep's eyes while wavy-navy, light-machine played over them? It was not the faintest illusion of anyone on a ship, not the mildest see-saw of the deck or swinging topsail. Those of us who know 'The Tempest' and what peace is would be content to wait. But for those who did not know the play at all, and were in no doubt as to whether to go on watching or was there really any inducement whatever that first scene to take the trouble to hang about? Robert Eddison appeared anon, and being



Two scenes from 'The Tempest' on October 14: above, Robert Eddison as Prospero and Patti Brooks as Ariel; below, Jonathan Meddings as Trinculo, Robert Atkins as Caliban, and Russell Thorndike as Stephano

a most graceful and likable actor he at once began to hold our attention for Prospero, though he too looked like a character out of 'Die Meistersinger', astray in a very 'arty', wave-washed aquarium. This setting was ambitious, and I don't want to be thought of as decrying an elaborate set. The easier, but not necessarily more effective way would have been to pick it all out against a dark background. But that might have made a very murky evening of it. It was Mr. Ivor Brown, I think, who objected so strongly to a setting for 'The Tempest' at Stratford on Avon which gave a similar submarine illusion, pointing out in his practical way that the whole point of Prospero's island was that it was a refuge from the hungry sea, i.e., dry land and the yellow sands which are sung about. I rather agree. To watch Mr. Eddison thus be-rippled ended by giving one the fidgets; which is a complaint which listening to Prospero can often induce in any case.

Anna Barry listened in an exemplary fashion—as it might be Wagner's Eva listening to Hans Sachs and raised her eyebrows up into her Juliet cap in the approved manner. Ariel clocked in in a superimposed shot, rather like a certain kind of old-fashioned French picture postcard which showed perhaps a young conscript dozing at his post while a diaphanous image of his sweetheart floated in the air above him. At first, I quite liked this effect. Patti Brooks looked so keen (which is after all the thing). But when one saw her being lowered like a Rhine Maiden backwards, with her arms hanging down like some apt pupil of an osteopath, one began to feel that vision was spoiling sound. Robert Atkins' Caliban is a grand creation and it came through pretty well, though the palsy and the cringing, scaled to *al fresco* performance, looked rather contrived at first. Jonathan Meddings and Russell Thorndike made up a fine pair of clowns and Bernard Brown carried off Ferdinand well

enough to make credible Miranda's wondering cry of 'O brave new world that hath such creatures in't'. The royalties, including Laidman Browne, Douglas Wilmer, Olaf Pooley, and Charles Lloyd Pack, were all quite in order; and as the evening wore on one admired more and more Mr. Eddison's clear delivery.

But I wonder how many people were following it all? We who love Shakespeare only too easily forget that those who have not acquired a knowledge of his tongue at an early age simply do not understand the language. With its *in'ts* and *for'ts* and inversions, it simply baffles many a would-be bardolator—as you can find out even at Stratford on Avon, where whole sections of the audience simply give up trying to follow what is said and murmur happily to themselves or stare as they might at some opera in a foreign tongue which they did not reckon to understand. In Russia and Germany Shakespeare's wide appeal depends on translations no more than fifty years old. However, let us applaud the B.B.C.'s courage. After the play Denis Mathews played Chopin. There was magic.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Pit and Pendulum

NO ACTOR suffers more than Stephen Murray in the pursuit of his craft. As a rule, before the



microphone, he is a man racked. Dramatists enjoy working on his nerves, and I am always happy when he is spared a few minutes' mild pleasure. Naturally, he is the player for 'The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus' (Home). If you want someone to persuade you, by voice alone, that he has sold himself to the Devil, then Mr. Murray is your man. In the World Theatre revival he spoke nobly a part that calls for eloquence at beginning and end, and in the middle shares with the play that curious lapse into juvenile high jinks.

Marlowe was clearly fired by the thought of the pact with Lucifer (through the agency of Mephistophilis), and with the last hours of earthly life. But he had not the remotest idea what to do with Faustus between times. In this tragedy it is as if we begin at sunrise on an Alpine peak, then suddenly and glumly swoop to sea-level, and shoot up again—as on some gigantic switchback—to another mountain-top and sunset. In the theatre, or on the air, the actor has to keep us, as far as possible, happy, assuring us that it is worth surviving that nonsense on the plain for the sake of the last ten minutes on the height. Faustus, having been promised everything in the Devil's gift, seems to

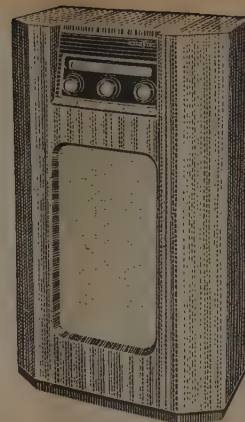


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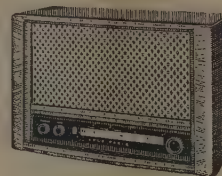
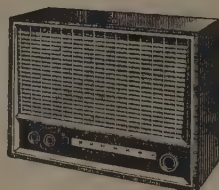
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ill most of his twenty-four years with the more elementary practical jokes—snatching dishes, boxing the Pope's ear, clapping horns on a courtier's head, and behaving generally like a third-former rather than the learned doctor of Wittenberg. True, he makes blind Homer sing to him of Alexander's love and Eneon's death; and he raises Helen of Troy. Otherwise, the period that, apparently, he occupies in making a grand tour is most prodigally misspent.

Michael Bakewell helped us by cutting out the Pope, the Cardinal, Robin Ostler and the conjuring-book, the horse-courser, and the clown upon whom Wagner sets the devils Belcher and Baliol. The last passage could have been Marlowe, as a Cambridge man, looking across to the other place, but it is far more likely to be the work of some deplorable Hand. The text of 'Faustus' is a complicated business; the director straightened it out neatly, and suspected that a line or two (e.g., 'And spirits ring him, raiment, and a crown') might have been pure Bakewell.

One of the lessons of 'Faustus' may be that we gallop when you have sold your soul to the Devil. Twenty-four years (the man could have bargained for more) flit by before we are aware. It is a difficulty that the piece gives little sense of the passing of time, and there the production could not help us. It appeared, as usual, that no sooner had Faustus made his bargain than he was back at Wittenberg, after 'near four and twenty years', preparing for the end. Mr. Murray sustained him finely from the moment then, 'surfeiting upon cursed necromancy', he made of Wittenberg an appanage of Hell, to the great aria, which is almost beyond an actor's vice—and contains such a trying line (in utter agony) as 'Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true!' The actor went only forward to the lingering cry of 'Ah, Mephistophilis!' Earlier he had summoned to give Helen who, in the mouth of Tamburlaine, had drawn a thousand ships to Tenedos, a figure that had enraptured Marlowe's mind.

Esmé Percy's Mephistophilis was among the few to make us credit the line, 'O what will I not do to obtain his soul!' This tempter, sad and menacing, contrived to give to the word 'Hell' its full ten or twelve letters: we could feel the flame. No need, in Mr. Percy's presence, for that stage direction (unheard on radio), to re-enter Mephistophilis with a chafer of coals.

Other times he was ably the guide-tutor—complice of those twenty-four years. Baliol Holloway's grave tones framed the play as chorus—'Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight And burned is Apollo's laurel bough', Marlowe's own epitaph. The rest of the company had merely to fill in with the Seven Deadly Sins, the Good and Evil Angels—Joan Hart's beautiful voice is not easy to Erden—and 'Lucifer, prince of the east'. When it was over, crudities had been forgotten and only the major speeches blazed in the memory. 'Was magic, magic, that had ravish'd us.

A serial called 'So Little Time' (Home) would seem to follow 'Faustus' naturally. I heard the second instalment of H. Oldfield Box's dramatization of John P. Marquand's novel; an alternative title might be 'Eight-Thirty with Helen'. It is pleasant to have Bernard Braden going 'straight'. On Sunday the passage with the girl he failed to marry—Lois McLean as the el—was managed most agreeably, and Wilfrid Gintham's production had a time-sense that might have interested Marlowe.

Madame Mephistophilis might have regarded Miss Mabel as a victim, but we know better. C. C. Sherriff's play (Light), under Mr. Gintham, came to radio as surely as it took to stage, and Gladys Young's performance will be a prize of the current Festival.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### The Floor was Theirs

BEING SOMEONE who more easily learns by reading than by listening, particularly when the subject is one of duty rather than natural attraction, I seldom listen to broadcasts intended to inform me on political or economic matters. So last week, when I listened to 'The Floor is Yours', the first of a new series on the Light Programme, and 'Commonwealth and Common Market', a discussion on the Home Service, I was distressed to discover that the principal impression I retained of both programmes was of stark unmitigated selfishness.

Now I am sure that if I had read articles by Air Commodore A. V. Harvey, M.P., about the Common Market scheme, and by Sir Thomas Williamson about trade-union interests, the impression would have been very considerably mitigated by the convention (is it only a convention?) that the phrases used for such articles convey nobility, disinterestedness, and regard, not for sectional interests, but for the common weal. Is radio discussion truer? Was I naive to expect from both the Air Commodore and the President of the T.U.C. some words about giving as well as taking? But such conventional phrases as they did give us sounded only hideously false. The Air Commodore's unconcern for Europe was not ennobled by speaking of 'swinging along with our blood relations', nor did Sir Thomas' statement that a man's first duty was to his nation ring true when he so stoutly insisted that only dividends and salaries, not wages, should be pegged.

As to the quality of the two programmes, 'The Floor is Yours' was very bad indeed. The three gadflies set up to sting the bull gave the impression of earning their money rather than really caring—and why should they care, when not allowed to pursue any issue to its end, presumably so that as many listeners as possible should have their questions included, and the dreadful gimmick of ringing one of them on the telephone be worked in at all costs? Honor Balfour was the best, but has the disadvantage of so many clever women on radio, of having a voice that comes over as that of a belligerent school-marm. This programme deepened my belief that every subject has a lowest level below which it isn't worth discussing it.

'Commonwealth and Common Market', on the other hand, was thoroughly useful. After a rather waffling start, it did fairly argue the pros and cons, and seemed to conclude that, even on the most selfish level, we would be foolish to stand out. But Donald Tyerman, the chairman, finally lifted it above that level by introducing, for the only time in either discussion, the concept of doing our duty to other people. 'I', he said, 'am a European'.

It must surely and perversely be true that the best talks would be better presented in print. Helen Gardner's second talk on literary criticism was certainly as interesting as her first; but her ideas were so much more closely crammed that I now feel it would be more useful to buy the printed lectures than to listen to the third talk. Gerald Sykes' talks on 'The Price of Technology', on the other hand, would surely not stand up in print, unless in media more popular than that in which Third Programme talks should be printed. Mr. Sykes does not seem to perceive that, even if 'society is sick indeed', if 'we need a sense of purpose', and if we find the teaching of Jung strangely satisfactory, this does not prove that Jung's answers (and certainly not as synthesised by Mr. Sykes) are necessarily the right ones.

But there was one small item this week which, though it could have had no value in any other medium than sound, in that had much. This was the interviewing of Amos Tutuola, the

author of *The Palm Wine Drinkard* and *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, by Cyprian Ekwensi. It is hard to explain why this was so moving without seeming patronising, but it was something to do with hearing two Nigerians, whose spoken English was as yet barely articulate, trying to discover exactly what is the process that makes a man into a writer.

The guest speakers in 'Woman's Hour's' birthday celebrations on Wednesday provided an absorbing object-lesson in the difficult craft of putting over personality. Yvonne Arnaud gave a polished performance of a charming woman being simple and spontaneous. Beryl Grey's medium is obviously not words; most listeners could have been as pleasant and as null. Dr. Grantly Dick Read took it for granted that we would like the presentation of him that appeals to himself. Gilbert Harding combines a communicable sincerity with a competence so great as to be barely noticeable. The glory of the programme was Mrs. Pandit who, with a record of unparalleled achievement over the past ten years, deliberately presented nothing at all, only spoke directly and with genuine feeling, and gave us, without trying, the assurance of greatness.

MARGHANITA LASKI

## MUSIC

### Sundry Symphonies

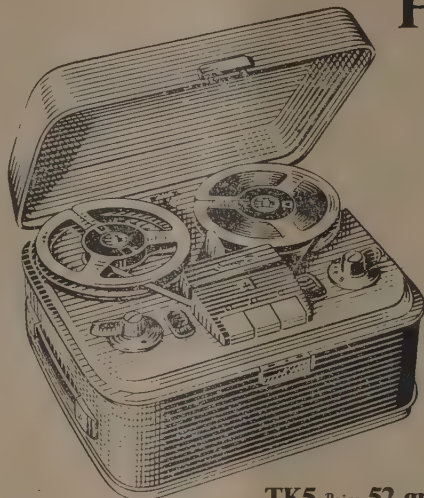
BORIS BLACHER, who has contributed the second of the anniversary compositions commissioned by the Third Programme, is one of Germany's leading composers, though what he leads is not, by comparison with past glories, or with current achievements elsewhere, a grand army. He has seemed to belong to the Clash-and-Chatter School, of which Carl Orff is the noisiest exponent, but his music has always been more complex both in harmony and in texture than the Bavarian's simple essays in percussiveness. Blacher's new work, however, shows a less satirical intention and more of a feeling for poetry in its slow sections. The work is rightly called a 'Fantasy for orchestra'. It is a work of imagination, especially in its employment of orchestral colour. For all its four-movement form, it makes no pretensions to being a symphony. It is, in fact, an occasional piece that will provide a useful note of contrast, both pungent and agreeable, in a symphony concert.

It was not well placed in the programme offered last week, which was put together on some principle difficult to discern. It began with Brahms' 'Academic Festival' Overture, which fairly 'killed' Suk's 'Scherzo Fantastique', a piece in the same vein of joviality with its own whimsical touches, but hardly of the same stature. The Suite from Sibelius' 'Tempest' music then proved that the brevity of thumbnail sketches, each a gem of its kind, is unsuited to a concert-programme. And the pieces from Zandonai's 'Giulietta e Romeo', which again I remember as being effective when the opera was broadcast, hardly seemed worth their place. All these things were efficiently played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under Stanford Robinson, who, indeed, secured what seemed to be a brilliant performance of the novelty.

The Third Programme is not the only one to commission new works. The Home Service opened its season of fortnightly public concerts on Wednesday with a programme of three symphonies, including one by William Alwyn composed for the occasion. Sir Thomas Beecham lavished all his care—and how much that can be!—on the faithful presentation of the new work.

This was Alwyn's Third Symphony and it shows a marked and gratifying advance on Alwyn's previous concert works. There is always a temptation, when a composer has been a successful practitioner in the cinema, to dismiss his





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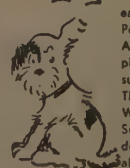
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phonic works as so much film music. There of course, the danger that the composer will apply film technique in the concert hall, and this Alwyn has not always been guiltless. In new work I see no sign of it, the only noticeable influence of his work in the other being some effective touches of instrumentation of the kind he may well have learnt the film studios where such sound-effects are importance. These touches lend a brightness a piquancy to a composition which is truly aphonic in style. That is to say, it is a picking-out of musical themes in their own and without reference to an explicit programme or literary idea.

Whether Alwyn's design is wholly satisfactory and not be decisively judged on a first hearing, I am rather doubtful about the middle movement which, attempting to be both slow move-

ment and scherzo, is in danger of falling between two stools, the more so as at one point it resorts to a jocular march-theme which might have come straight out of Mahler—out of the Fourth Symphony, for instance, of which we heard a singularly ponderous performance from Baden-Baden on the previous Sunday. The outer movements of Alwyn's symphony, despite some brash clatter in the first, seemed to me very successful, the long, slow section at the end of the finale making up for the rather inadequate *Adagio* part of the central movement which is dim rather than foreboding.

Sir Thomas Beecham opened the concert with a performance of Mozart's Symphony in A (K.201) that was as exquisitely finished as it was lacking in fire—and fire is surely the prerequisite for that furious opening.

The Thursday Concert in the Home Service,

which I can rarely if ever hear at home because the regional wave-length is otherwise engaged, offered last week a series of earlier 'symphonies' by Italian composers from Corelli to Rossini delectably played by the dozen string-players rightly named the Virtuosi di Roma under Renato Fasano, with that superb oboist, Renato Zanfini. The programme wisely did not give us too much of one composer, but showed us what diversity there was in the Italian school. Rossini's work was the least significant in the programme, which is not surprising. What is surprising is that a boy of twelve should be able to say nothing in particular so well. Later in the evening the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra gave in the Third Programme a superb performance of Dvorák's Fourth Symphony (*vice* Martinu's Fifth).

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Fauré in the Theatre

By NORMAN SUCKLING

'Pénélope' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 4.40 p.m. on Sunday, October 21

FAURÉ was only incidentally concerned with the stage for the greater part of his career as a composer—which is worthy of note in view of the fact that French composers of his time were concerned with hardly anything else. Not that he shared the somewhat jaundiced view of Berlioz at the theatre stood in its relation to music (*l'amor lupanar*; when he wrote music-dramas for the *Figaro* he concerned himself with preference with operatic works—it was rather his own artistic character precluded the exhibition of feeling without which the lyrical music of his day was almost unbearable.

As a student in the early eighteen-sixties he stayed out all night in order to attend a performance of Gounod's *Faust*, as the curtain did not fall until after the closing-time of his school. But few things were farther removed from his orbit than, for example, the stage works of Massenet in which, as Gerald Cumberland said, 'kissing lips four times life-size are thrown naturally upon the screen'. In so far as he had affinity with the French operatic tradition it was rather with the lyric comedy of light but not touch, rendered illustrious by Bizet and continued by such writers as Fauré's friend and colleague, the conductor André Messager. And in his own earlier work for the theatre, between 1880 and 1900, took the form of incidental music of just such a fine-flavoured kind, worthy mainly to stand beside Bizet's 'L'Arlésienne'.

The first set of these pieces was written for the ballet-interludes of Alexandre Dumas' 'Caligula'. This play has not held the stage—Caligula now become the vehicle for the ideas of M. Camus, is hardly likely to be revived—but Fauré's musical numbers deserve to be rescued, for they would enrich the scanty repertory of works for a small body of voices (in music, it is true) with orchestra. Another incidental set, for Edmond Haraucourt's Shakespearean adaptation 'Shylock', similarly deserves its attention mainly to the balletic content of the play, the scenes of masquing and dancing in the course of which Lorenzo carries Jessica; and, so far from answering to Shylock's own description of 'the drum, and the squealing of the wry-necked fife', contains a fleet-footed *cortège*, yielding nothing in its own quality to the best of Mendelssohn's 'Summer Night's Dream' music, besides a wonderfully peaceful little nocturne which will probably be more familiar than the rest to most listeners.

The well-known suite for 'Pelléas et

Mélisande' strikes a similar note with a more serious tone. It was written for Forbes-Robertson's London production of the Maeterlinck play in 1898, at the height of Fauré's powers though at a period of his life encumbered with professional duties. The *siçilienne* in it—the number most closely resembling his previous work for the theatre—already existed as a cello solo for W. H. Squire, but the rest was composed specially for the purpose, including one or two items not played in the concert suite. One of these became the slow section of Fauré's 'Fantaisie' for flute; another was the song introduced into the play for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who took the part of Mélisande. This contains the liturgical-sounding motive (D up to A, B flat, etc.) employed later with such pathetic, even tragic, effect in Mélisande's death-scene; and Fauré, with characteristic economy, used the song some years later in an extended version to form the penultimate number of his cycle 'La Chanson d'Eve', of which it was the first to be written. It was probably indeed the accident of finding this poem to fit his music that put Fauré on the scent of other verses from the same collection (by another Belgian, Charles van Lerberghe) for the purpose of a song-cycle.

In 1900 Fauré produced a score of a very different kind for an open-air festival play, 'Prométhée', staged in a classic amphitheatre at Béziers. Here—though he did not orchestrate it himself—he was writing with large forces in mind: an orchestra of symphonic proportions together with a military band, as well as voices in solo and chorus, the two chief dramatic roles (Prometheus and Pandora) being moreover played as purely speaking parts. By this time he had become inevitably conscious of the impact of Wagner on music for the theatre, if only to the extent of doing his best to avoid imitating the model; and in fact the 'Prométhée' music is remarkable in that its composer, generally held to have achieved his finest results in delicate and evanescent work, here adopted a wider sweep without losing his own distinctive quality.

Whether the pervasive influence of Wagner on nearly all operatic music of the early twentieth century was beneficial to Fauré's one full-scale work for the theatre proper—'Pénélope', written between 1906 and 1913 for Lucienne Bréval and once revived for Claire Croiza—is a debatable matter. Certainly the prevailing mood of the piece is far removed from Wagner's heroic attitudes, though not in any way deficient in the elevation required for its mythological subject; some of its most memorable passages, such

as the idyllic opening of Act 2 which prepares the way for Ulysses' recognition by his household, are intimate by comparison.

The story is that of Ulysses' homecoming and the discomfiture of Penelope's suitors; the libretto is from a somewhat unexpected hand, for it is the work of René Fauchois, a dramatist known to us chiefly by the comedy which Mr. Emlyn Williams adapted as 'The Late Christopher Bean'. Poetically it does not rise to any great heights, but it provided Fauré with the pretext to evolve a type of vocal line something midway between the wide-spaced Wagnerian declamation and the unemphatic Debussy recitative. The 'feminine' endings with half-mute E, so prominent in French dramatic verse, elicit from the composer a noticeable and perhaps excessive number of descending intervals at the end of phrases, such as are liable to strike an English audience in more than one French opera; but the vocal writing holds the balance remarkably between the rhetorical and the prosaic, and though the protagonists in their final scene of reunion have not much to say beyond 'Ulysse!', 'Pénélope!' and 'Gloire à Zeus!' their music is none the less telling for that. The lament of Penelope for the absent Ulysses in Act I (sung with finely ironic effect over a dance-diversion commanded by the suitors) is worthy of the best of Fauré's songs; the part of Eumaeus the swineherd attains an eloquence comparable with Kurwenal or Pimen; and the passage illustrating the trial of Ulysses' bow is one of the most successful attempts ever made to write a musical equivalent of a physical act.

In general 'Pénélope' has profited by the best of Wagner's additions to the operatic technique, and is to be questioned mainly on account of a too docile following of the Wagnerian principle of 'continuous melody'—to which, after all, most opera of the period was committed, including the Russians and the Italian Verists, so that Fauré is hardly to be blamed. He employs *Leitmotive*, but discreetly—one of them, for example, standing for Ulysses himself, is introduced when the hero comes near to revealing himself under his beggar's disguise before the time is ripe. He uses his orchestra symphonically, but does not overpower the hearing of his text. And, above all, 'Pénélope' is notable for having transferred to the domain of theatrical music that highly individual harmonic vocabulary, unmistakable in its use of sevenths and augmented triads, with which Fauré was at the same time establishing a 'final period' in his development as a composer of songs and of pianoforte and chamber works.



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In the nineteen-thirties the extraction rate was uncontrolled and was usually about 70 per cent., though whiter flours were milled for special purposes. During the war and up to 1953, the extraction rate was controlled and varied between 80 and 90 per cent. You may remember the bread was rather 'off-white'. From 1953 onwards the millers were allowed to produce whiter flours, but the subsidy on bread was based only on the National loaf, which had to be made of flour of 80 per cent. extraction rate. Since the subsidy on bread ended, the millers have been allowed to produce whiter flour provided certain token nutrients, as they are called, vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, nicotinic acid, iron and calcium are added. So the big question is, will whiter bread with the token nutrients added be as good from the point of view of health as the 'off-white' 80 per cent. extraction rate bread.

I think this whole business of the extraction rate and health is difficult. Supporters of the high extraction rate say that even if vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, nicotinic acid, iron, and calcium are added, the bread will be deficient in other and more exotic vitamins, which appear to play some part in nutrition. Supporters of the lower rate say no ill effects from lack of these other vitamins have ever been proved in man, and in any case people who are only getting one-third of their calories from bread or flour will get plenty of these vitamins from the rest of their diets.

Soon after the war, groups of undernourished children in orphanages in Germany were fed on various kinds of flour, including plain 70 per cent. extraction-rate flour and other flour enriched with token nutrients up to the equivalent of a 100 per cent. extraction rate. Surprisingly, the children grew and flourished equally on both kinds of flour. This observation has been criticised from various angles, and it certainly does not prove that plain 70 per cent. flour is as good as enriched 70 per cent. flour under all circumstances. It does, however, seem to suggest that there cannot be anything too seriously wrong with the whiter enriched flours that have replaced the 'off-white' 80 per cent. flour. Provided people eat a reasonably varied diet, apart from bread, I do not think myself that white bread will do anyone any harm.

A DOCTOR

## RESIZING A RUG

A listener writes: 'I sent a large rug to the cleaners and they have removed all the stiffness from the back, so that it now rucks up when trodden on. Can I do anything to remedy this lack of stiffness by painting anything on the canvas?' Here there is a good case for taking the rug back to the cleaners and

asking them to resize the canvas. Of course, there are some inexpensive rugs which cannot really be expected to retain their stiffness, and in this case the cleaning process is not to blame. There is however, a solution you can make up yourself which can be painted on, so long as the rug is not, say, a valuable Persian. And I do recommend that the solution should first be tried out on a scrap of carpet to see the exact effect before applying it to the whole rug.

Here is the recipe for the solution: dissolve completely four ounces of flake glue in two quarts of boiling water. Lay the rug face downwards and secure it at intervals to prevent moving or stretching. Brush the solution very lightly and thinly over the canvas, and on no account let it soak through into the pile. Finally, and this is most important, let the rug dry where it is for at least twenty-four hours.

ALICE HOOPER BECK

## Notes on Contributors

PAUL JOHNSON (page 597): on the editorial staff of *The New Statesman*; has just returned from a visit to Yugoslavia

J. G. W. DAVIES, O.B.E. (page 599): Secretary, Cambridge University Appointments Board, since 1952

CLYDE MITCHELL (page 600): Professor of African Studies, University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland; Director, Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, 1952-55

C. R. HEWITT (page 606): formerly a Chief Inspector of City of London Police; author of *Towards My Neighbour*, etc.

C. J. HAMSON (page 612): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University; editor, *Cambridge Law Journal*

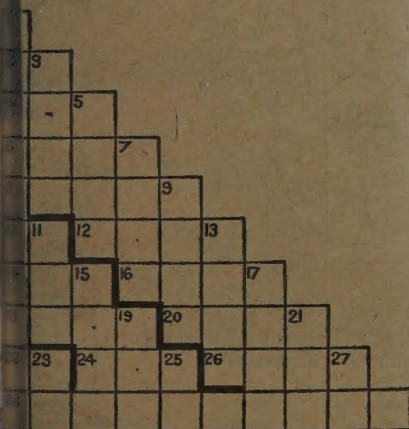
## Crossword No. 1,377.

## Triangular.

## By Nabla

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 25. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



A, B, ... Z are triangular numbers, i.e., of form  $\frac{n(n+1)}{2}$

A, B, C, D, E are also perfect squares, while

V, W, X, Y, Z are products of two primes

## CLUES

1. A
2. G
3. H+D-K
- 4 rev. W
5. J
6. B
7. L
8. C
9. P
10. D
11. W-S
- 12 rev. M
13. N
14. Z
15. T-V
16. X

17. Q
- 18 rev. B+V+K
19. V-F
20. T+D-K
21. Y+S
22. D+S+F
23. D-K
24. J-P
25. U
26. R
27. K
28. A+E

rev. = reversed

## Solution of No. 1,375

A D A M S T H O I S Y F F I N  
B I R E O N I O N S T E R N M O  
C S T R U T S T E E R N A T A L  
D S H E L O T W R E A K T E D E  
E A R S E N O I L S I N E R T M  
F T I O V E R T E A G E R C O A  
G I N L E T W H I C H E P H O R  
H S E O R R I S A C T O R A N I  
I F T S S A L T S O F T E N W A  
J A T H E M E A T Y O M E G A T  
K C L O M S S N E E R A N E L E  
L T E X E A T D R A W N V A L E  
M I R E N N U I I N A N E B A S  
N O U R T A N N A T R E A L M E  
O N T S S T A G S A D D L E P A

## NOTES

Down: 1. Dis-sat-is-faction 7. Not-with-standing. 8. G-one r-usty. 14R. Baa, baa, Black sheep. 18. Cypress knee. 21. Too(n). 24. (T)a(s)ting. 35. (D)ean. 37. (R)veal.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Rev. P. Lewis (Canterbury); 2nd prize: Miss N. B. Clarke (Selby); 3rd prize: Mrs. R. Simon (London, N.W.3)



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